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PRIOR FOUR CORNERS.

HEENAN AT HOME. GRAND OVATION TO THE CHAMPION.

50,000 People
IN
Jones' Wood.
EXTRAORDINARY
ENTHUSIASM
AMONG THE SPECTATORS.
The Mimic Contest
FOR THE
Championship.
SECOND FESTIVAL,
Carmac's Woods, Phila.
IMMENSE EXCITEMENT
TO SEE THE
CHAMPION.
THIRD FESTIVAL,
PURITANS IN BOSTON.
CHELSEA THE SCENE
OF EXHIBITION.

Special Reports for the New York
Clipper.

The grand mammoth Heenan Festival set down for the 13th inst., at Jones' Wood, was the most remarkable event, in point of the immense number of spectators present, that has transpired in this city for a number of years, and even exceeded our most sanguine expectations. As one of the trio sent by the Clipper to jot down the sayings and doings of the Champion and his friends, we give only what came under our own observation, for, to be all over in a crowd of thirty thousand people, requires more nomenclature skill than we are, or ever expect to be, possessed of. Twelve o'clock was pointed out "crab shells" due north from the old Swamp, and after a preliminary draught of Smith's Philadelphia ale at the "Union," corner of James and Broadway streets, kept by that clever and agreeable boxer, Johnny Roche, and a bundle of "operas," to keep our temper serene and "blow a cloud" with any of our friends on the ground, we got aboard one of the Red Light or Eighth Avenue Low, less line of cars, and sped away at the break-neck pace of six miles an hour until Bloomingdale was reached, the only thing worthy of remark on the trip being the peculiar visual organs of the conductor, which were of two separate colors, the right one being blue and the other black, which, combined with silver grey hair, gave the man a very novel appearance. "How he came so," or whether it affected his sight, is to us unknown. Calling for a particular friend for company, "across town" was the word, and off we went in a car for the Second Avenue cars, they being the nearest conveyance by land to the trying ground. Although crammed inside and out, with double rows of seats on top, there was still "room for one more," (who ever saw the time when there wasn't on a rail car or stage?) and this was taken advantage of, as a matter of course, and a dozen more got on some how or other before the grounds were reached. From ten o'clock until three all East End cars were a solid mass of the genus homo, all with one object, and bound for one spot. Steamboats, too, were just as crowded as the cars, and did a thriving business the whole day. From the boats and cars gay banners and flags were quivering in the breeze, the passengers had their best toggery on, and the whole scene looked like a grand holiday—even rivaling our glorious Fourth of July. As the loaded cars and stylish turn-outs of the swells rolled merrily over the road, all whose business kept them in doors, especially the fairer sex, threw open their windows, waved handkerchiefs, and some even so far forgot themselves as to touch their putting lips with their velvet hands and wait in the air after some exquisitely gotten up dandy. Laborers on the road involuntarily stopped work as each new load drove past, waved their well-worn head-gear, and had a pleasant or witty remark for all who wished to crack a joke with them. Every body was just in the best humor, and despite the threatening storm, not a single turn-out could be found. After a while "Eldorado" was reached, and out poured the dense crowd like bees from a hive, when they were disturbed in their labors—but with far different feelings: this was a great relief to the poor mustangs, who had expended themselves until they were enveloped in a complete white coat of dust, and apparently couldn't have stood it much longer. Of all things, nothing pricks a merciful man so much as to see abuse to that noble animal, and it should be made a duty to arrest any and everybody who uses unnecessary cruelty to dumb beasts, and also to punish them severely by heavy fines, even imprisonment itself is not too good for such two-legged brutes.

All the streets leading to Jones' Woods were fairly swarming with pedestrians journeying to the modern Mecca. On each side of the road were every conceivable means of turning a penny, such as weighing machines, which, like daguerotypes, are made to flatter, rather than do justice to your avoirdupois, lung testers, which enable you to tell whether you're sound on the "goose question," lifting machines, where many a poor devil has almost pulled himself inside out in trying to beat the man who pulled before him; camera obscuras, showing battle scenes, naval engagements, all the principal cities and scenery in the world, and sometimes, by slipping another tip in the man's hand, you see fac-similes of certain kind of living statuary to be found in Grand street, a few doors east of Broadway; targets, for amateur excursionists who are anxious to take first prizes; fox and geese boards, where, by paying sixpence, you get a quarter if you can pitch one out of six rings on any nail out of a dozen or more, and double if you pitch it on the knife in the center; three-peg monte, consisting of a table with three sugar-loaf pegs placed in a row, and a ball to knock them with—for five cents, by knocking down two a quarter is the prize; three, fifty cents, and should the ball go clean between any two pegs, seventy-five cents is the reward—this is a most enticing trick game, and the table-owners make money hand-over-foot; stick and saw game, whereby, should you knock down the stick, on the end of which is a three-cent piece, and the "thrip" fall in the spot where the stick stood, you more than treble your money—like all the rest, there is trickery in this, and when the sharper finds a person winning, or "up to snuff," he moves on to a new spot; galvanic batteries, striking machines, refreshment stands, flower vendors, "pea-nuts, apples, oranges," imported cigars from Cow Bay, etc., etc., while one enterprising beer-seller offered a likeness of the champion to all who partook of his lager, without extra charge. These, however, were not very well patronized, for all seemed hurried to get eligible positions, and two ticket offices had all they could do to take in quarters and give out pink tickets. Once inside, a sensible relief came over all, and, as the people strolled around looking for friends, or to get glimpses of some of the distinguished sporting gents. First we came across JOHN WOODS, while a few rods off stood AUSTRALIAN KELLY, engaged in earnest conversation with BILL CLARK, his former trainer for his fight with NED PRICE. Here and there stands were fixed up for the sale of Heenan's colors, like knesses, life bands, etc., but we didn't hear of much traffic in them: these handsome and massive heads which adorned the show-bills rated at 25 cents apiece, and would be an ornament to any bar-room. All that we've described occurred on the city entrance, and how they managed with the steamboat passengers and others we know not personally. By showing our yellow ticket, all obstructions were moved away, and while some struggled for many minutes to get another ticket for the amphitheatre and balcony seats, all we had to do was to walk in and procure the best seat to be found vacant. The gentlemen accompanied by ladies showed excellent judgment in arriving early on the grounds, for all had excellent seats and a fine view of the performances, and not a single female but what

THE HEENAN FESTIVAL AT JONES' WOOD.—SET-TO BETWEEN HEENAN AND OTTIGNON.

was equally fortunate. This calls for great credit to the gentlemen having the management of the affair, Messrs. James Nixon and Henry Wood, who had arranged comfortable seats for 3000 spectators in front of a forest of trees, that formed a complete canopy over head, and protected them from the sun's rays. In the centre of these seats was erected the triumphal arch, bearing the hero's motto, "may the best man win." While on each side a high board fence was erected, and ropes and stakes about twelve feet from the ring, to keep the vast multitude at a respectful distance. Two hundred Metropolitanians, under General and Deputy Superintendent Kennedy and Carpenter, were stationed in the inner ring and throughout the grounds to keep order, and everything was managed as "slick as grease." From two o'clock until the appointed time to commence, the good-natured throng kept their "red rags" going by making all kinds of droll and queer expressions. Now some dignified person would, after a walk or two round the stage, squat on the outside boards, and cocking his eye, glass, quiz the outside barbarians, a wag ventured a remark that he must be the mayor, or some such official, to show so much self-possession; another wanted to know if he wasn't related to the Boy; "Oh! that's the referee," piped in a third, and the queries got so numerous that Master Quill couldn't stand it, and beat a hasty retreat. Then the grave and astute reporters marched in a body to the best spot to be found, armed with note-books, pencils, eye-glasses, big rimmed hats, long unkempt hair, large collars, and flowing white trousers—to criticize and ridicule the performance. They came in for a good share of punning, and were designated as H. race Greeley, Bunnett, the Little Villain, One-eyed Thompson, Gaslight, Foster and Damp-bool; others also tried to pass muster by borrowing pencil and paper, but it wouldn't work, and the M. P.'s eagerly spotted the black sheep, and routed them, amid great cheering and merriment from the boys. Jim Hughes was busy keeping the stage clear, and to us it appeared he was the best man they could have picked, for he showed favor to none, not even personal friends. One more daring than the rest was bound to stay on any way, and said so to Jim; he even expressed a desire, with a doubt of his accomplishment, to be put off by force, whereupon the little bantam seized him by the neck, and tossed him all of a heap in the crowd, smiling himself at the figure he cut with toes up and nose down.

Three o'clock having now arrived, all eyes began to get distended; the seated few settled themselves in easy positions, boys climbed the trees, and a general shout rent the air as the carriages were observed coming thro' the triumphal arch. The first, driven by the great Nixon himself, contained the Prince of Seconds, little Jack Macdonald, and that staunch friend of Heenan, Jim Cusick; the second, NED PRICE, of Boston, and AARON JONES, an old opponent of Fox Sawyer; the third, the Champion himself, JAMES C. HEENAN, flanked each side by officers, and the coach was decorated with American flags. While the circuit was being made, the most vociferous cheering was kept up, hats were waved and tossed in the air, and every conceivable way was resorted to to show their heart-felt welcome to the "bravest of the brave," who had spent six months in a strange country to vindicate American courage, fought the hitherto invincible Champion of England, been swindled out of the battle, received a sham presentation of the English belt a dozen times or more, and finally came home with barely as much as he started with, and a mighty bad opinion of English fair play. Every thing is so familiar to the Currier readers that to go over the facts of stating what has been so often told, before would be tedious and unwelcome. As the carriage slowly drove past, Heenan was complimented in high tones by the enthusiastic Milesians, who vowed, "By the Powers (not Jim) of the Eagle B. B. C." he's a beauty, and it's all owing to the Irish blood in him!" "Benicia against the war-rig!" sang out another, while a big-hearted Celt declared that "Morrisey was a good man, too!" "he is dot," chimed in a fellow countryman close by, "but his day has gone by, for the other day, in a Second Avenue car, I overheard a doctor, who tends him when in the city, say that he couldn't live eight months, he was so terribly afflicted with Asthma." This last remark considerably altered the tone of their cough, and saved a bitter argument—no doubt. The fourth vehicle contained his daring opponent CHARLEY OTTIGNON of Harvard College and the Crosby Street Gymnasium, where the "Boy" went thro' a course of sprouts prior to his crossing the ocean to contend with "perfidious Albion." As he passed we couldn't help wishing the Chief, gallant Tom Hyre, had been engaged, and consented to participate—what an excitement such a team would create through the "hole country" and how tens of thousands more would flock to see the two American giants in a friendly set-to; why the people would fairly go crazy on the subject till they had seen them, and the managers be soon in possession of a fortune. Even after this engagement is up, there is plenty of time left, and we would suggest an ambulance between the two great champions, and a prize of \$1000 to the first to get to the top of the most attractive part of the entertainment was now bawled out by Mr. Nixon, introducing JAMES CUSICK and JACK MACDONALD. All their apparel was bran new and as neat fitting as a lady's kid glove, comprising white under shirt, buckskin breeches, white hose, and blue-bow. James sported a quill between his teeth, and took the matter in a very nonchalant manner, while the little Jack of Clubs ogled around to get Old Sol in Heenan's cousin's face. In the first round lots of pretty feinting and manoeuvring until a chance offered, when the dapper little Dublin man let fly his barb and fin on Cusick's cheek, amid cheering and laughter. Jimmy smiled, but next time

was with him nicely, both countering together; a number of pretty stops were made, and the little giant again visited the Californians' nozzles slightly, when he was driven to the ropes, and the round ended. "All a minute having expired for breathing time," up and "down" was the signal to recommence, and more light exchanges, which didn't suit a friend of Cusick's, who hollered for Jim to hit hard. Jack at once stopped sparring, and asked the gentleman to come and try it himself if he was very anxious. The reply was that he would, and a fair wind blew for a lovely time, but the compass suddenly changed by another chap calling on the intruder to shut up, and was answered by the musician jumping neck and heels (heels first) right square on top of him. A little skirmish occurred, but it wasn't worthy of notice, as the spectators were better employed watching the sparring, which had commenced with renewed vigor. For every Oliver a Roland was returned, and it was quite comical to see Cusick give his head to get on Macdonald's ribs with his right, and also to cross counter as Jack came in with that awful left. Altogether four rounds were disposed of, and in the third a little scientific wrestling occurred by Jim's putting on the crook, half and full outside, and other nice points, to show how things were done in his part of the country. A general impression prevailed that the little man from sweet Dublin Bay was not up to time in his sparring, but Monday's performance dispelled all doubts on that head. "A toast and a cheer for Jack and Jim!"

AARON JONES and NED PRICE next doffed their Raglans, which was the more agreeable, as Aaron came unexpectedly, and wasn't down on the bills. His now sports such a heavy moustache that one would hardly recognize him the same plain, farmer-like Jones who crossed the broad Atlantic to train Heenan in the American championship combat. Then he looked the quiet yoman, with his broad face and little side-whiskers, the very picture of a country farmer, but now he's a regular out-and-out, and you'd no more take him for a cockney than the Boy himself. There's no use of talking, America is the spot, after all, for civilizing a man and making a good looking fellow know that he is one. Price, too, has altered considerably, and one can almost see him grow in thickness and strength. Why he'd make two of the Neds as we saw him at Long Point, and such a neck! It beats Ned Forrest's all hollow. He was suffering from a sore right hand—brought about by performing a dental operation on some ruffians who were insulting a lady—that had swollen like an apple-jumping, but "for a that" he said he would. Ned opened with a grin, and at once threw himself in attitude in his own peculiar style, with right low down and considerably spread as to his lower limbs. He jumped and pawed, danced and wined, and dilled about for an uncovered spot, receiving several little reminders from Aaron to make him stay away, and keep there, but all to no effect, for, with a half run and jump, he dashed away so vigorously with his one hand on Jones' mazzard and boko, that it soon wore a rosy hue, like unto those who worship old Bacchus. The Shropshire hero couldn't stand this, and an outsider suggested a little more care for that nose, if he wanted to leave the city with it—this was cutting, and as the Cicero of the Ring came dashing in again, he floored him with a very clean left hander. Ned was up like a lamp-lighter, and as his old tricks again, dodging a leveler by ducking under Aaron's left arm, and just coming up in time to plant another hot 'un on his dial ere he could recover ground. After that Jones was more careful, and by steadying himself, propped Ned pretty straight and heavy with "that left o'han" till our Boston friend wouldn't have it, and rushed to in-fighting, when some mutual good fibbing took place. Four rounds were being served up, and they were on the point of retiring, when the spectators solicited just one more, and, ever ready to oblige, they accommodated the people. It was a repetition of the others, and Ned again ducked cleverly and got back at Aaron without a return; they then stood and milled away in the old Josh Hudson style, and were rewarded by cheer after cheer from the excited populace. Had not Ned's dexter manly been laid in lavender, a most stirring set-to would have taken place, for it is his best hand, and from the splendid show he made with only one, we leave it to the minds of the spectators as to how it would have gone had he the use of both hands. A Zouave cheer for Aaron and Ned, the champion.

Now for the Champion himself, who mounts the stage amidst the most deafening applause, followed by Charley Ottignon. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and tossed up, and a volley of human thunder rolled and pealed for many minutes, that might easily have been heard over the river. While this was going on, we turned to view the assembled multitude, and can honestly say that it is only once in a person's life-time that such a mass of human beings are ever seen collected in one spot. It was a perfect sea of faces, and all having their heads uncovered, gave the scene a most peculiar aspect; to us, they looked like so many skulls packed as close as the Russa pavement, all having pleasure and satisfaction depicted in their countenances. We have heard it stated that the chimney sweeps of London have great sport in running over the heads of the crowd that congregates around the pit entrance to the theatres there, waiting for a chance to drop in amongst those near the entrance as to get a good seat, and we think half a dozen bare-footed youngsters could have run (if) they were tired on the top of the heads of the Jones' Wood crowd without any fear of slipping in among them, so large and dense was the number present. The

champion received the applause with the grace and elegance of an Admirable Crichton or Beau Brummel, smiling and bowing like a Senator at a levee, or the President on reception day. He is decidedly the most intellectual and handsome looking boxer of the day, and we fancy him to be not unlike Gentleman Humphries, the teacher of Lord Byron, but with more easy grace in all his action. The applause having somewhat abated, everything was got in readiness for the battle. The principals tossed for corners, and Heenan won, choosing the south-east; then the dapper shaking followed, the men and their seconds advancing to the middle of the ring, shaking hands twice over and under, and back to their corners again. A referee, time keepers, etc., having been selected, and the colors tied to the stakes, the men proceeded to make their toilettes. Heenan has for his seconds, Jack Macdonald and Jim Cusick, (the same men that performed the office at Farnborough,) while Ottignon is attended by Ned Price and Aaron Jones; they also had the original colors round their waists. Heenan wore a tight fitting lilac silk shirt, cut short at the arm pits, flannel breeches, and fighting shoes, while Ottignon had on a white shirt, and black leggings. As the Boy walked to the scratch, he didn't look near so bulky as we have before seen him, but the workings of the muscles back of the shoulder, like knots in a gnarled oak, his immense chest projecting several inches from the neck, his long, muscular arms, spoke for themselves, and we should judge him to be in splendid condition now. Ottignon had neglected his training, and good judges said he was a little too fat in the paunch, and that he might have taken off a few pounds from the same, a little of the arms, used the mask once or twice, and also have denied himself many little luxuries that tend to soften the muscles. Were it not for his Falstaffian propensities, which detract much from his height, he would stand at the head of the list. Proceed we now to

THE FIGHT.
Round 1. The Boy, standing well over his opponent, commenced walking around him, watching eagerly for an opening, and essaying two or three feints to sound Charley. The latter, drawing Heenan pretty close, let fly his left like an arrow, at his head, but was beautifully stopped, amid loud cheering. A little more manoeuvring, when both let out simultaneously with the left, getting home slightly; no damage done, however. Heenan finally saw his chance, and dashed off with a stinging hit on Charley's right peeper, and the round ended.

2. After being carefully sponged, the men rushed eagerly to their work, Heenan extremely lively and working the left in a vigorous manner; by teinting at Ottignon's head, he a yid administered a bellying whopper, and retreated laughing; Charley followed, and after a series of unsuccessful endeavors, eventually got home a good left hander on the champion's right cheek. Another series of splendid stopping, and a lightning counter for each, and the men retired. The Gymnast, on reaching his corner, found Ned taking liberties with the bottle, and gave him a gentle reminder on the lug. Price then said the time was up, and the other side didn't want to bring up their man, for he was getting winded. (The point of this joke was, that Ottignon was so fat, he was already getting winded.)

3. The Boy, full of gaiety, danced round his man till the shutter was down, when he delivered again on the dexter optic and glided gracefully away. Coming together again, Charley was also around, for he invited slightly, though he got one with interest for his pains. Heenan complained of the slippery stage, and they pointed for their corners. A jolly laugh was created by Ottignon squatting on Ned's knee, and nearly flooring him. A swig at the bottle all round.

4. Both eager for the fray, and as the Boy led off, Charley crossed-counter him very neatly, and got in hit for hit in the countering. Heenan seeing no chance to damage his opponent, drove in the ribs, and visited them successfully three or four times; this was ended by light countering with the left.

5. Charley looked blown, and it was "bellows to mend," but he leisurely came round, and fought on the retreat, leading Benicia a Morris dance round the stage; John soon saw his exit, and made an onslaught on his vitalling department, putting it thro' three times in succession; Ottignon endeavored to perform a similar act in return, the Boy jumping back laughing, he was more successful the next time, sending home a slight left hander on the old spot.

6. The stage had become so slippery that it was almost impossible to keep their feet, and after indulging in a little countering, and Ottignon putting in both hands accidentally as the Champion was looking at his feet, they cordially shook hands, and all was over except Heenan's sparring with those who had been on before.

Calls being made for Aaron Jones, he had a lively rally with the Boy, and the round closed by his getting Aaron round the neck and over the ropes, the same position in which he held Sayers when the ring was broken in.

Then Jack Macdonald had a shy with the champion, and made the people laugh "above a bit" when he borrowed a beaver hat to enable him to reach Heenan. His small pupil (the Boy) also laughed heartily at the joke, and looked down very approvingly on him. The whole ended by an imitation of the late contest, Charley rushing behind him and letting drive as his head was turned, and the Boy laying them out in all directions, to the infinite amusement of everybody.

After the sparring had been concluded, the champion and those with him returned to the hotel, where they immediately doffed their professional costume, substituting in its place their dress citizens. It was with difficulty the party could be conducted, so intense was the curiosity to get a nearer look at the "Boy" and grasp the hand which had achieved such wonders at Farnborough. It had now come to the presentation of the Champion Ring; yet this was not announced without such interruptions as might have been expected from the eagerness of the assemblage, who surrounded the platform, to which the persons connected with the ceremony had come from the tavern. Quiet being restored, Mr. E. Bankman approached Heenan, and addressed him to the following effect: He (Mr. B.) had been selected by a committee of the friends of Mr. Heenan to present him as the Champion of the United States, and he might say of the world, (cheers,) a token of the admiration of his fellow citizens for his spirit and courage in crossing the Atlantic to combat for the Champion's Belt. (More cheers.) Although he did not bring back that particular belt, still it could not be denied that he had left a good belting behind him. [A joke; cheers and laughter; cries of "bravo" and "one for his nob.".] Nevertheless, although the belt was not awarded to Mr. Heenan, the verdict of every one of his countrymen, and indeed of all honorable and fair minded men everywhere, is that he was really the victor in the great battle of the 17th of April. (Loud cheers and cries of "that's so, and easy enough.") Then, addressing himself particularly to Mr. Heenan, the speaker continued as follows: "In the first place, sir, I have to present you with this ring and an accompanying letter. Let this ring remind you of the unbroken circle of friends about you to-day."

The ring was then handed to the Champion, with the letter, of which the following is a copy—

NEW YORK, August 13, 1860.
J. C. HEENAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I take this opportunity, being appropriate to the occasion of your reception of the testimonials of your friends and admirers, of presenting to you, in memento, one of our gold rings, that coveted English Champion Belt, which, if strict justice had been rendered by the empire, would now be in your possession. In tendering you this "prize ring," emblematic of your profession, allow me to offer you my congratulations that your honorable and gentlemanly conduct while representing

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXCELSIOR, Albany.—1. In making up the averages of batsmen at the end of the season, suppose that the club had in one match won a game by 10 wickets, the two men who were in having scored each 2, and not out, would this be considered an innings? 2. Suppose a ball from the bowler should hit the ball and knock it up in the air, and that it (the ball) should fall back in its place again, is it out? 3. It is a hit, but not considered, but hereafter, the scores in "not out" innings will be added to the next. 2. Yes, if the ball is once knocked entirely off, so as to be distinctly seen by the umpire, the batsman is out.

DEUCE, Scarborough.—1. The President holds the chief honorary office of any club, consequently we think that he is the proper person to be the custodian of trophies won, their chief merits being in the associations connected therewith, rather than in their intrinsic value. However, the better plan to settle the question, would be for the club to pass a vote, conferring the privilege of holding such trophies on which officer they please. 2. The "Slatebridge" infant measures 49 inches around the chest, regular weight, so we are informed, 222 lbs., and is 6 ft. 2½ in. in height.

GATES, Cincinnati.—1. Phelan is the champion billiard player of America. 2. Messrs. Phelan & Colender's establishment is the largest billiard table factory in the country. 3. Philadelphia has more steam fire engines than New York. 4. The population of China is 360,000,000. 5. The population of Pekin is nearly 2,000,000. 6. Jeddo is the largest city in the world, having a population, it is said, of 5,000,000. 7. We are not positive, but are of the opinion that neither Mace nor Benjamin are Jews.

PENNSYLVANIA B. B. C.—Base Ball.—Passed balls, in which bases are run, are charged to the catcher, not the pitcher; but when a ball is pitched over the head of the catcher, and three bases are run, the fault, of course, rests with the pitcher. By the way, the Excelsior Club are about to visit Baltimore, and you Philadelphia boys couldn't do better than to get them to lay over a day at Philadelphia, and play a match with the selected nine of Philadelphia.

BOS BRETTLE, Pawlet.—1. The "International Clipper," including engraving of the champions, can be sent to you for six cents. 2. Sullivan's fighting weight was not ten pounds less than that of Tom Sayers. 3. Dan Donnelly was never beaten in the prize ring. 4. A mere matter of opinion.

BROOKLYN, Brooklyn.—It may not be the manager; almost every affection of the skin in the dog is attributed to mange. Procure "Pinks & Mayhew" on the dog, from which work you may glean some very valuable information relative to the disease, its treatment, etc. J. A. V. Barnesville.—1. A is entitled to two points in all. 2. We don't know the exact measurement of the men referred to. 3. Freeman, the American giant, was probably the heaviest man that ever fought a prize fight; his weight was about 252 lbs.

W. H. C., East Boston.—1. We are informed that they were born in Boston, but when we cannot say; neither have we any information concerning their intentions for the coming season. 2. 23,000 tonnage.

F. W. STEPHENSON, Cincinnati.—1. We have no knowledge of the parties to whom the refer. 2. We can forward you a photographic likeness of Heenan for \$1.50.

JOE GINGER, Philadelphia.—She made her first appearance about three years ago. Of her family relations we know nothing, nor of her future intentions.

H. H. H.—1. He had no right to cut. 2. The first time we get to the end of Broadway, which is a very long avenue, we will note the highest number.

T. B. T., Norfolk, Va.—There are no photographs of yachts, but you may procure lithographs of some of the New York Yacht Club Yachts.

DART.—It was A. H. Davenport that performed the part. We have no recollection of the gentleman performing her part, January 1, 1860. He has been managing the Alhambra, in Boston.

SUBSCRIBER, Galveston, Texas.—1. There is a building in this city eleven stories in height. 2. Dan Donnelly fought and beat Oliver in England.

J. F. A., Westchester.—As the challenged party named the day of the first contest, the challengers have the right to name that of the second.

JACK SHEPARD, Strasburg.—Why not send along a forfeit with your challenge to Buckley? A match can be more readily secured when it is known that a deposit is up.

DELAWARE, Philadelphia.—Owing, probably, to impurities in the blood, sulphur and molasses, and light diet, will perhaps bring about the desired end.

THUNDER, "Missiana" has some excellent information on the subject, which will probably answer our purpose.

MIDDLEBURY, Philadelphia.—Any exercise, by which the arms and shoulders are brought more directly into play, will answer.

C. F. H., Independence, Iowa.—Perhaps it would be well to get some friend in this city to call on the party, and state the facts.

H. J. E., McMillanstown.—No doubt they are impostors; Shepherd is in England, and has not been here for several months.

P. B., Fort Ripley, M. T.—Tom Padlock was born in 1824; his height is 5 ft. 10½ inches. 2. See answer to Discus.

TWO READERS.—Dear Burke and Simon: Rye fought but once as antagonists. A similar question was answered in our last.

M. S. PAGE, Plainfield, Vt.—We have already published a notice of the company. You must have overlooked the notice.

LAMPWICK, Cuba, N. Y.—The proper course would be to apply in person to managers.

CINCINNATI.—The game is not played in that manner here, and there is no law governing the point.

S. B., Baltimore.—Forrest, as you have here this noticed, on the 27th; we have no record of the time set down for Booth.

J. W. GREST is requested to send his address to W. J. Marshall, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

W. H., Brooklyn.—1. A scores one point for the Jack turned up. 2. The dealer does not lose his deal.

OSKREY, Richmond, Va.—We are no advocates of the rough-and-tumble system.

L. E., Brooklyn.—The Bremen of Brooklyn cannot ride free at all times, only in going to, or returning from, a fire.

MURPHY.—Should be obliged to euchre B, although in strict fairness in play, he should have done so.

G. S. C., Culpepper, Va.—In horse racing, it is considered a draw bet.

C. P. H., Philadelphia.—You had better send your address, so that J. W. N., of Norwich, can correspond with you.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—We do not find the name in the directory.

M. A. S., Louisville, Ky.—Package and letters delivered to Mr. B. the day after they reached us.

J. WILLIAMS, Pittsburgh.—You may procure the services of such a person by advertising.

AN INQUIRER, New Haven.—You had better consult some one in your own city.

B. W., Troy.—We are not positive on that point, but will endeavor to give you a definite answer in our next.

F. B.—We have seen no account of such race.

HOBOKEN, No. 2.—The double blank wins.

A. C.—Padlock fought Sayers but once.

DICK HENDLEY, Philadelphia.—Jack McDonald never fought a prize fight.

A. G. S., Clair.—A forfeit should have accompanied the challenge.

A BYSTANDER, Albany.—Should have sent his real name.

TEX PINKS, New London.—We do not know the game.

G. T., Boston.—They were last in California.

PRO TEX, Hartford.—The present is the proper time.

HEENAN'S MOVEMENTS.—The managers of the Heenan Festivals would find it much to their interest to keep our sporting friends advised of their future movements. Patrons of such entertainments mostly look to sporting papers for information in regard to them, and when such affairs are not so recorded, it is the loss of those engaged in getting them up. We do not wish an advertisement, mind you, but we desire the dates and places, as items of news, for the information of our readers.

STATE FAIR.—We see it stated by some of our Western exchanges that immense preparations are being made at Indianapolis, Ind., for the State Fair to be held at that capital the coming Autumn. It is to last a week or more, and at least \$12,000 are already spoken of as being arranged to be distributed in the various prizes.

NOVEL AND DARING CHALLENGE.—Mr. William Cowburn, of the Unicorn, Lowerhead-row, Leeds, has challenged Mr. Ross, the youthful rifleman, who took the chief prizes at the late national trials on Wimbledon common, to meet him for £100 a side, with rifles, under the following singular and daring stipulations.—To shoot at distances from 300 yards to 900 yards, and to shoot at fifty penny-pieces each, with single ball from a rifle, each shooter to throw the pennies for himself—every throw to count a shot. Each to find his own rifle, and to shoot all the match out with one gun each. Cowburn will give or take reasonable expenses for the match to come off in any part of England or Scotland. For our part we look upon this quixotic proposition, though amusing enough, as out of the legitimate sphere of rifle practice. The excellencies of the weapon and proofs of skill in its use are rather to be brought out by deliberately exhibiting its accuracy of execution, rather than mere dexterity in its handling as here proposed by the last stipulation. This is the peculiar province of the light fowling piece.

THE HEENAN FESTIVAL AT JONES' WOOD.

We doubt if Rome, in the palmiest days of its Coliseum and under the sway of the all powerful Yespasian, ever witnessed a larger assemblage of anxious spectators at any of its gladiatorial fests, than the Sylvan shades of Jones' Wood exhibited on Monday, August 13th, where fifty thousand people gave an honorable ovation to the champion of the western world, John C. Heenan, whose fine points as a dexter artist have of late been so much discussed both on this and the other side of the big pond. The morning of the great day set apart for the occasion, did not promise fair. There were frequent spurts of rain, and the clouds overhead looked dark and ominous as the prophets of a coming storm; but about ten o'clock the aspect changed for the better, and then Jones' Wood, like a great Maelstrom, began to draw in streams of people at its two gates allotted for entrance, that would have astonished any one but a genuine New Yorker, who is perfectly aware that the citizens of old Manhattan will always patronize real merit with a warm heart and the ready dime, let it appear in whatever shape or guise it will. Like the famous riddle of the "Kits, cats, sacks, and wives," and "all going to St. Ives," everybody and his family who were seen on the First, Second, and Third avenues on the day of the fete, appeared to be wending their way to the magic ground, to see the promised treat in the many art of self-defense. Long before the time announced for the commencement of the show, the cars kept rolling up the avenues that led to the vicinity of the place, filled to repletion—some of the riders hanging by the roofs and the rails, at the peril of their necks, while others underwent a pleasant episode of sweating, roasting, and strangulation in the inside. All sorts of vehicles appeared to be in demand, and horseflesh at anything else but a discount. Here a gay carriage whirled along at a dashing pace, drawn by blooded bays, under the guidance of a sleek coachman; and there a licensed pedlar's wagon in the last gasp of creaking misery, worked along to the spavined step of a five dollar nag, who his owner seems to think—by the way he has twisted the lines around his wrists—has the laudable desire to run away and kill an other man. Here an enthusiastic Teuton plodded his way along, accompanied by his wife, six children, and a basket that tinkered the balmy air with the effluvia of krait and switzer kase that was quite refreshing; and there a fast gentleman in the flush of youth escorted his lady love, as matchless in charms as Hebe when about to pay court at the shrine of Apollo. Outside of the walls, the *Fifus* who were supposed not to possess that current coin of the United States, denominated a quarter, assembled in great numbers, as did also many minor speculators who dispensed lager, root-beer, and sickly-looking lemonade to the thirsty crowd. Water melons carved up by their proprietors at a cent apiece (a touch of the cholera thrown in gratis) were a staple article, as were also cheap cigars, ginger snaps, and other plebeian refreshments. At the gates, by the careful arrangements of manager Nixon, a posse of officers was stationed, as was also the case around the circumference of the vast enclosure; but occasionally some daring adventurer scaled the wall, and the crowd had the pleasure of witnessing an exciting chase as an extra act in the regular performance of the day. It was a regular jubilee and no mistake, at which most of the nations of the earth seemed to be faithfully represented, and all bent on the one happy result of enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. There were lung testers and weighing machines without number, and swinging, riding, driving, dancing, and drinking appeared to be the regular order of the day. We saw one individual, on the peril of bursting himself; point the hand of the blowing machine to 410, and a stout built son of Erin go 900 on a lifting apparatus, with all the ease of a Thomas Topham. So exuberant did he feel at his own exertions, that he expressed a wish (publicly too) to fight Heenan for half a dime—a magnificent sum that no doubt the champion of the world will eagerly contest him for at the earliest opportunity.

At noon there was a national salute of 35 guns, that shattered the glass of the neighboring houses, and at intervals, Dodworth's band discoursed most excellent music. The bar of the Mansion House was patronized to an extent that would have made Ned Quake in his boots to witness. In an upper room of the hotel, Heenan and his man Friday, McDonald, surrounded by an admiring throng of courtiers, kept a stately reserve from the public gaze until the auspicious moment should arrive for them to make their appearance on the stage. By dint of our vocation, and the introduction of a friend in power, we managed to gain admission to the charmed circle. There was much bustle and excitement among his friends and patrons; while Heenan himself seemed as calm as the air he breathed. He was attired in a dark suit coat, black pants, and a plain white shirt; and reclined on a sofa, reading a volume of the general bustle with all the calmness of a philosopher. John C. Heenan, you are a trump, and possess nerve in more ways than one; and we believe that Grantley Berkeley uttered nothing else but romance when he said that Sir Thomas Sayers would be able to flax you out in fifteen minutes space of time. Latvater would be astonished at his judgment, and Fowler would set down his bump of marvelousness at least 7-plus.

By three o'clock it was calculated that there were not less than 35,000 spectators upon the ground, and as that hour drew nigh when the principal sports of the day were about to commence, expectation was on tip-toe, and anxiety beamed in every eye. When McDonald and Cusick made their appearance there was an enthusiastic shout of welcome that must have made the recipients of the favor feel proud. The stage was erected after the style of the ring at Farnborough as regarded size, reminding us of the manner in which Figg, the father of the English ring, showed off his sword exercise, and how the famous Johnson and Mendoza displayed their game qualities in the old time. Four rounds took place between these staunch little men, with about equal advantage, when they withdrew with shouts of applause to make room for Aaron Jones and Ned Price, who displayed their skill in the science of self-defense in five rounds. The appearance of the "Boy" and Ottignon on the boards was the signal for a buzz that might have tumbled down the walls of Jericho. No candidate for the presidency ever received such unanimous applause, or won such a universal ovation. There were the smiles of ladies fair and the cheers of bearded men to greet the brave knights of the modern tournament; but they entered the lists not with sword and lance to kill and destroy, but with the arms that nature gave them, and their hands encased in pliant buckskin, in the stead of iron gauntlets. The hero of the day, who resembled nothing so much when his coat was thrown aside as a youthful Hercules, took a friendly turn with six rounds with the purdy professor, and also a friendly turn with Aaron Jones, after which, with McDonald and Cusick to aid, the last act in the farce at Farnborough was performed, much to the delight of the spectators. After this came the presentation of the purse, at the music stand, which was done by Mr. Edmund Blankman in the name of the people, accompanied with a neat speech, which was short, graphic, and to the point. The Boy responded, not exactly in the style of Demosthenes, and for the first time during the course of the day he seemed placed in a position out of his natural element; for though John C. Heenan is apt to make striking points, it is generally conceded that it is not in the oratorical way. The response, however, is as pithy as Commodore Perry's dispatch to headquarters when he took the British fleet—"We've met the enemy and they are ours," or Imperial Caesar's "veni, vidi, vici," as he made a graceful bow, and withdrew.

As a general thing, peace and good order reigned supreme on the ground, but there was an occasional set to, which the police, who were in efficient force, quietly slipped in the bud. Take into consideration the vast and motley crowd assembled together, and the unlimited quantities of lager and other liquid refreshments imbibed by thirty souls, we think that an equal number of Quakers could not have behaved themselves with much better propriety, and that August 13th, 1860, may be safely set down as one of the most peaceable days in the New York calendar. We must acknowledge that there were some roughs, a dash of pickpockets, and a few individuals that a man would not feel comfortable in meeting on a lone some road in a dark night, but the majority of the multitude who attended the mammoth festival were gentlemen in title, appearance, and actions, proving that the most respectable portions of society are fascinated to a greater degree with muscle than with the music of the Italian opera, the compass of the Great Eastern, or the mysteries connected with the Japanese Embassy expenditure of \$105,000. We do not believe that any other attraction could have collected fifty thousand people together at Jones' Wood on the 13th of August with the price of admission fixed at a quarter of a dollar. It knocks the

spots out of Buffalo hunting, the Fairy Life Guard, and Jenny Lind, and we will venture to bet a new hat that no other place in the world, torrid, temperate or frigid zones, but New York, could call such a crowd together during the term of the dog days to witness anything short of a general resurrection. The managers ought to reap large profits from their connection with the Champion of America. People will flock to see the person who, when defrauded of his lawful rights—the champion belt of England—offered to fight a small army of his opponents at once, if he could but return to his native land, like another Jason, with the golden fleece that his ambition desired to win. And Jack McDonald, too—brave, honest, faithful, trustworthy (Jack, old boy, don't feel too grateful, because it is your just due.)—wherever you travel throughout the broad circuit of the United States, may you be received with warm hearts and friendly hands, and if you ever do return to the shores of Merry England, we will be willing to bet two and a half to a single nickel that you won't, like Charles Dickens, go and write a book of unfavorable notes about America. But we don't think that honest pair of yours capable of plotting such treason; so bless you, Jack, or as the musician render it—"A la Thabar Be'cheem"—on my beard be it so. May your shadow never be less.

Shortly after the performance, a smart shower of rain set in, accompanied with quite a high wind, which served to cool the atmosphere, while it also damped a large number of jockeys. There was a scampering to the gates of egress, and cars, carriages, wagons, and all sorts of vehicles whirled away, loaded down with human freight, while those who were not of the Patriotic class, who ride, trudged for their respective homes on shanks mare. Altogether, it was as brilliant a turn out as New York has seen for many a long day, and will no doubt bear repetition at a very short interval.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.—Great preparations are in progress in this city to give an appropriate reception to the heir to the throne of Great Britain, and to do honor to the son of the most virtuous and womanly queen that ever graced a throne, and we sincerely trust that the wishes of the great mass of the community will be fully expressed by the character of the arrangements, which, while doing honor to our royal guest, will also confer credit on the city and its million of inhabitants. In Montreal, among other attractions offered for the Prince's gratification, we notice that a cricket match has been arranged by the cricketers of that city. This is all very well in its way, but after the many fine contests played by England's best elevens, which the young Prince has so often witnessed, it would be comparatively a tame affair for those who are to participate in it but mere amateurs in comparison with the English players. But the case is different in regard to a proposition we have to make, and that is, that our leading base ball clubs arrange a contest at our national game of ball—once entirely new to the Prince—and let him witness something that will at least interest him for its novelty, if not for the skill exhibited in playing it. We would suggest, however, that such a contest be entirely under the control of the base ball players, and placed in the hands of Americans. Not that others would not arrange the affair equally as well, but as it is an American game to all intents and purposes, let Americans be the parties to have charge of it. For the locality of the contest, we would suggest the Fashion Course, Long Island, which is an enclosed ground, and one capable of accommodating 20,000 people. Let the contesting parties be a selected nine from New York and one from Brooklyn; in no other way could the leading clubs be equally represented. However, arranged as it may be, either in regard to the locality or the players, let us show the Prince what our National Game is, and rely upon it, it will be a source of gratification to him. Should a match like the above not be obtainable, why not play the return game between the Atlantic and Excelsior, in the presence of his royal highness? "If so, why not?" as Bunbury says.

HIS WEIGHT IN SILVER.—Our readers may remember an item we had about a year ago respecting an offering of his weight in silver for one of the original, full-blooded Cashmere Billy goats, a patriarch in the flock of those animals now so successfully being reared in some of the mountainous districts of Tennessee. The offer at that time was refused, but a Canada paper states that it has been again renewed, now accepted, and the transfer made. Where Billy has gone we are not informed. A pound of the wool from these goats, of one-fourth genuine Cashmere blood, is worth \$8.

A DISSENTIUM.—We refer the reader to the advertisement of Mr. seen that he has succeeded in bringing about an improvement in watches, long required, and very valuable.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ale, wine, liquors, cigars, and refreshments. All the sporting news of the day to be learned here, where files of the *CLIPPER*, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numerous portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Padlock, Bob Brett, Ben Canty, Harry Brannan, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of Cornwall, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 35¢

JOHNNY ROCHE continues to refresh the inner man with the most approved Ales, Liquors, Segars, etc., at "THE UNION," No. 85 James street. The *CLIPPER* and other papers are on hand for the use of visitors.

THE FAIRFAX.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35¢

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London.) No. 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. FIVE AND EASY every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39¢ LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48¢

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the *CLIPPER* office, on receipt of price, 25¢. 48¢

HEENAN'S COLORS.—We have few more of Heenan's colors, under which he fought the great "International Fight," which may be had for five dollars each.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HEENAN.—A few copies of an excellent photographic likeness of the champion, may be had by addressing the *CLIPPER* office; price \$1.50.

HEENAN CALLED FOR.—Evansville, Ind., August 16th, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN: Many feeling anxious to do something for the Heenan cause out here, would be pleased if the Champion of the World, Mr. John C. Heenan, with his company, would pay us a visit in his tour of exhibitions through the West. We will give him the best show we can, and think it would pay him well. There are a great many persons anxious to see the Boy, and feel his terrible left; but not as the British Champion did—they want to give it a cordial shake, and place that within its reach that will feel better than Tom's nob. We are ready, if he will come, to stir up the natives. Only give us the time, and we will come to the scratch.

Yours, &c., H. S. & A. M.

A CHALLENGE.—We have received the following letter: "Lane, Ill., August 9, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir:—In reading your paper, my attention has been drawn to an announcement from James Kelly, that he will fight any 145lb. man in the country in answer to which I beg to state that if Kelly will make a match to fight a 145lb. man, and name his lowest sum of money—the fight to take place in this State—the business can be settled without fail. If suitable to Mr. Kelly, an answer will oblige. I will send a deposit of \$20 to the *CLIPPER* Office. Yours, respectfully, WILLIAM BELL.

EXHIBITION AT WEST CHESTER, PENN.—A Grand Sparring Exhibition came off in West Chester, Penn., on the 7th and 8th, given by Old Dad, Joe Myers, Bob Porter, Young Squibb, Young Rusk, and Jack Sheppard, the pedestrian. The Agricultural Hall, the largest in the town, was well filled by the fancy of West Chester and the surrounding country, to see the many art displayed by some of Philadelphia's best favorites. The wind-up, between Young Squibb and Bob Porter, was a grand affair. The boys return their sincere thanks to Mr. Tom Jeffries, Pat Carter, E. Crossman, Samuel Thompson, Edward Hoffman, and the citizens of West Chester in general, for their warm reception.

ROCHE AND McGLADE.—This match continues to progress in regular order. On the 14th, another deposit, of \$200 a side, was duly placed in the hands of the stakeholder. The fourth and last deposit, of \$400 a side, is to be made on the 28th inst., at which time the parties are to lose for choice of place of meeting.

KELLY AND KERRIGAN'S MATCH.—By the time this issue of the *CLIPPER* is in the hands of some of its readers, the fight between Australian Kelly and Dan Kerrigan will probably have been decided. We have sent a reporter to the ground, and a full report of the proceedings connected with the affair will be given in next week's *CLIPPER*.

YOUNG SAM AND SCOTTY.—We have not learned whether or not Scotty of Brooklyn intends to accept the challenge recently issued by Young Dutch Sam. No reply has yet been received from Scotty.

JIMMY MASSEY had a difficulty with some policeman in front of his place of business, on the evening of the 16th, in the course of which pistols are said to have been produced on both sides, and in the scuffle one of the revolvers was fired, the ball wounding Massey in the thigh. After a struggle between Massey and the officers, the former was overpowered, and taken to the station house. He was next day held to bail in \$2000 to answer a charge preferred by one of the officers.

AQUATICS.

GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA.

POUGHKEEPSIE.
For Two Days—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5th and 6th, 1860.
PRIZES AMOUNTING TO SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS.
ENTRANCE TO ALL THE RACES FREE.
First Day—At 2 o'clock P. M.

First Race—Single Scull Working Boats.
First Prize.....\$16 00
Second Prize.....5 00

Second Race—Two Pair Scull Working Boats.
First Prize.....\$40 00
Second Prize.....20 00

Third Race—Six Oared Boats, without restrictions.
First Prize.....\$100 00
Second Prize.....40 00

FOURTH DAY.
First Race—Two Pair Scull Working Boats.
First Prize.....\$30 00
Second Prize.....10 00

Second Race—Single Scull Working Boats.
First Prize.....\$20 00
Second Prize.....10 00

Third Race—Four Oared Scull Boats.
First Prize.....\$150 00
Second Prize.....75 00

Ample provisions made by the committee for the storing of boats. All entries to be made by 12 o'clock at noon on the first day of the Regatta, Sept. 5th, 1860, on application to either of the undersigned.

WM. A. FANNING,
R. D. JACOBES,
JOHN R. COOPER,
Committee.

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GRAND REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—The prominent admirers of aquatic sports in this enterprising suburb of our city, have, with their accustomed liberality, arranged a very fine aquatic programme which is to be carried out to a successful issue on Wednesday and Thursday, September 5th and 6th, next. Prizes to exceed *hundred* dollars have been offered, and what is more, no entrance fees are required, the races for the several prizes being free to all contestants. Ample provisions will be made by the committee, who have the affair in charge, for the proper storage of the boats. The entries are to be made before 12 o'clock at noon on the 5th of September. Application is to be made to either of the following gentlemen, who form the Committee of Arrangements.—William A. Fanning, R. D. Jacobes, and John R. Cooper. For particulars see advertisement.

PRINCE OF WALES' REGATTA.—Among the acts of enlightened liberality we are glad to record the donation of \$500 to be divided into prizes, and contended for in a regatta. This act of princely taste and generosity was performed among other munificent proofs of liberality, just as he was leaving St. John, N. W. Woodland. The Prince originally nominated the 26th inst., the anniversary of his father's birthday, as the time for this aquatic contest, but as this falls upon Sunday, it will come off on the 27th. *Vive la Prince!*

AQUATICS IN PITTSBURGH.—Another match between the two oared boats Wasp and Hornet, with the same oarsmen, for a purse of \$50, has been effected, and will take place on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 18th, at 4 o'clock, Treas. of Reg. Ass. to be stakeholder.

THE CRESCENT BARGE CLUB are out in a challenge to the Kensington Club to run their four oared boat, I. C. Woodward against the latter's four oared boat David Holmes, over the Mooningahela Course, crowd same as former race. This will certainly come off. *ANALYST.*

LADIES ENCOURAGE BOATING.—On the 16th inst., a most beautiful shell boat was presented to Mr. P. H. Colbert, coxswain of the "Nonpareil" boat club, Boston. A handsome boating costume and croquet cap were also added by some lady friends. The donors to the number of about twenty five, afterwards sat down to a social supper of the most enjoyable nature in itself, and entertained by music from the Norfolk band. The boat is pronounced one of the most perfect models ever seen on Charles river, was built by Mackey of Williamsburg, and in Mr. C's hands is expected to prove herself a clipper of no common speed.

REGATTA AT NEW BEDFORD.—On the 16th inst., for the third time, the N. Y. Yacht Club held a grand regatta in the spacious and beautiful bay of New Bedford, Mass. The regatta was at Clark's Point, about three miles from the city, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Four steamers conveyed spectators to the course by water, and, probably, 10,000 people assembled on the Point, an almost general holiday being taken. Commodore Stevens' yacht Maria was used as a judges' boat. The course in this bay is a triangular one testing the yachts on every tack. Five minutes was the interval between the starting of the different classes. On the stretch between the starting point and the second stake boat the yachts presented a fine show. With a fair wind, growing lighter as they proceeded down the bay, they spread every inch of canvas by the rules of the club would allow. The jibs of the sloops were "boomt out" and the schooners sailed "wing and wing." This gave a great advantage to the lighter vessels.

The reporters on board the Eagle's Wing timed most of the boats as they rounded the second and third stake boats, in order to ascertain the interval and the position of the boats. The Narragansett, third class sloop, was first around, and the Regatta list, *The Eagle's Wing*, 1, 17:45; Haze, 1, 19:15; Julia, 1, 19:15; Gipsy, 1, 19:45; America, 1, 20:40; Rebecka, 1, 21:00; Rebecca, 1, 24:00; Una, 1, 24:22; Bonita, 1, 24:48; Widgeon, 1, 28:15; Bonnie, 1, 29:50.

The Madge came around in beautiful style, closely followed by the Vice Commodore Kingsland's boat, Favorita. The two boats and the schooner Haze were now and then, like a span of horses, when they turned into the back stretch. The Rebecca and the Una were almost lapped when they passed, and the contest was so close between these boats that it might almost be called a dead heat.

From this point to the lower stake boat, anchored about sixteen miles from the starting point, the squadron experienced light, baffling and "draky" winds.

The rounding of the lower stake was in the following order, from which it will be seen that their positions were somewhat changed; Favorita, 2 o'clock 2:41-15; Manneering, 2:43-45; Madge, 2:47-15; Mary, 2:48-04; Narragansett, 2:49-12; Julia, 2:52-04; Richmond, 2:52-43; Haze, 2:54-18; Juliet, 3:03-20; Una, 3:15-35; Rebecca, 3:16-38; Bonita, 3:19-15; America, 3:29-00; Rebecka, 3:29-00; Widgeon, 3:30-00; Bonnie, etc., not taken.

The Favorita was still well up to the Madge, the Richmond was struggling with the Narragansett, and the Rebecca and Una turned the stake yard arm and yard arm. When they turned into the home stretch and commenced heading to windward the race became extremely interesting, between some of the boats which seemed to be holding special contests in pairs.

The breeze soon began to freshen and became quite strong with occasional flaws. When half the home distance had been accomplished the Favorita had fallen far astern, and the Madge and Haze were having a desperate battle, the chances seeming to be in favor of the Haze. The Madge, however, shook off this antagonist and soon encountered the Julia.

After some varying fortunes the Julia took the lead and held it against the Madge to the end. The Mallory and the Manneering were on the lead, and the race for the last six miles was extremely exciting. A flaw struck the Mallory and she nearly capsized, but kept on without flinching.

Toward the end of the race the Mallory took in her gaff topsail and glided along steadily, while the Manneering, persisting in carrying all sail, staggered under her cloud of canvas. This probably gave the race to the Mallory. When they rounded the flag boat there was a sharp struggle between the Julia and her, but the Mallory succeeded in passing it a couple of lengths ahead. Next came the Manneering, Richmond, Madge, Haze and Narragansett.

The Una and Rebecca now came up, the Una leading slightly. Their turning the flag boat was looked for with interest, but the Rebecca went inside and yielded the palm to the Una. It will be perceived by the table of the boats actually entered, that several of those which contested the race gallantly

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND FASHIONS—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

BASE BALL CLUB EXCURSION.—The Keystone Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, make an excursion to Bombay Hook, on the Delaware, on the 23d inst. The steamer George Washington has been engaged for the purpose.

A NEW NOTION.—We have just received from the patentee and manufacturer, one of Miller's patent cigar racks for hats. The construction is very simple. The body piece resembling a thin lath, and furnished at one end with a spring, and at the other with a shoulder, is placed within the hat, near the top—the mere pressure of the spring holding the rack in its required place. Attached to the body piece, are several springs or clasps, by which the cigars are held secure. The instrument is small and neat, and at any time the cigars or itself can be quickly removed. This new invention is to be had of its patentee, Mr. Frederick J. Miller, at No. 12 Maiden Lane, New York. The price is 25 cents each, and \$18 per gross, wholesale.

BASE BALL AND BOAT RACING.—The Gotham Jr., Base Ball Club, and the Highland Boat Club, engaged in a friendly boat race, six oars, on the Hudson River, on the 13th inst., pulling a distance of one and a half miles and repeat. The Gothamites beat the Highlanders, the former being victorious in both races. The Highlanders were manned by Messrs. Fry, Allen, Shaw, Mitchell, Cawood, Devlin, and Bird, ex-captain. The start took place from the foot of Eighty-sixth street, the Highlanders gaining an advantage of a length, which she soon lost, however, and on rounding the stake boat the favorite was long distance in advance, but unfortunately, on nearing the home goal, she broke an oar, which almost lost her the race, as she came in but five seconds ahead of her opponent. Time of winning boat, 21 minutes, 4 seconds. Judges, Messrs. Gillett and Pettit.

A JUMPING MATCH came off at Cincinnati, on the 11th inst., for a set of silver ware; the competitor who measured the greatest number of feet in a hop, step, and jump, to carry off the prize. Mr. William Abbott was the lucky man, making forty-five feet and three inches. Eighty-five persons contested on the occasion.

COCK FIGHTING.—Thomas Amot, of Tamaqua, Pa., states that he will fight a main of cocks, from 5 to 7, for \$10 a light, and \$50 the odd fight; the same to come off in four weeks from the 10th of August; or he will fight Ned Anderson's bunch cock, for \$200—the challenge including Schuykill Co. is to be heard of at James Whyatt's, Pine street, Tamaqua, where letters will also reach him.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT LYNN.—A very fair trot came off on the 9th inst., over the Lynn Track, for \$500, between John Stewart's mare, Lady Stewart, and W. W. Kellman's horse, Hero. Both had previously made about even time, though neither rank among the very fast. Dan Mace sat behind the mare, and Kellman drove his own horse. Three bad attempts were made to start, but on the fourth, the two competitors went off well together, having an even pace for a little time. The mare, however, got the lead, which she continued to hold to the end of the heat. The start for the second heat was better than that for the first, and the two held together along the first quarter. Then it was all for the mare, who came in the winner. Previous to the third heat, Kellman put his horse round the half mile—1:25, just for his own satisfaction. When he came to have company, however, it seemed that he could not hold to the pace. He also gave his horse into the hand of Dan Pifer, who, contrary to the expectation of some persons present, did not improve matters—the horse, while under his care, being mostly all skip and jump. In this heat, the mare led the way throughout, and came home an easy winner. We append the return:

LYNN TROTTING PARK, Aug. 9, 1860. Match for \$500. Best 3 in 5, to wagons.

TROTTING IN FRANKLIN PARK.—A spirited little affair came off on the 8th inst., on the above course, for a proprietor's purse of \$150—one hundred for the first horse, and fifty for the second. The entries included "Hard Road," "Ephraim Smooth," "Lady Planet," "Lady Shaw," and "Meddlesome." The conditions of the race were to horses who had never done better than 2:37. Under this rule, "Hard Road" was excluded, he having made a dead heat this summer, in 2:36. "Ephraim" was also ruled out, having been trained in the same stable with "Meddlesome," who was already in. Pifer managed "Hard Road," and did the necessary for the "Shaw" mare, and William Woodruff did for "Meddlesome." The four heats were well contested, particularly the second, which was won only by the head. We give the summary:

FRANKLIN RACING PARK.—Match for \$150—\$50 to the second horse. Mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

D. Mace b. m. Lady Planet of Salem..... 1 2 1 1
Wm. Woodruff s. g. Meddlesome, of Boston..... 1 3 3 2
Time—2:38; 2:37½; 2:38; 2:40.

TROTTING AT CINCINNATI.—On the 28th ult., a little affair came off at the Cincinnati Trotting Park, for a purse and stake of \$25, mare heats, best three in five. There were four entries; but one of the competitors being withdrawn, the trot was left to those whose names are appended. The most noticeable feature of the business was the endeavor of the mare "Eliza" to get and keep the first place. The following is the summary:

JAMES ROCKEY, b. m. Eliza..... 2 1 1 1
Tom Oliver, b. g. A. J. Riddle..... 1 2 2 3
O. W. Dimmock, g. g. John..... 3 3 3 2
Time—2:50½; 2:49; 2:52½; 2:54.

TROTTING AT CLEVELAND.—On the 21st ult., a little affair came off on the Spring Pond Trotting Park, for \$200 a side—the best three in five. We give the score:

William Sheldon names Frank Leslie..... 1 1 1 1
Joe Randerson, names Butcher Boy..... 2 1 2 2
Time, 2:30; 2:35; 2:37.

TROT POSTPONED.—The match between "Kate Daniels" and W. Wand's mare, announced to come off at Cincinnati, on the 7th inst., has been postponed on account of the heat of the weather.

A TROT IN CINCINNATI.—A little affair of this sort came off on the 9th inst., the summary of which we subjoin:

CINCINNATI TROTTING PARK, August 9, 1860; best three in five; for \$450.

Rockey enters s. g. Grit..... 1 2 1 1
Smith enters g. Billy..... 1 1 2 2
Dimick enters m. Flora..... drawn.

PAID FORTY.—The ten mile race that was to have come off last week, at Cincinnati, between "Gipsy Queen" and the Portsmouth horse, for \$2,000, is off—the Portsmouth having paid the forfeit, \$100.

A SELECT AFFAIR.—A race, witnessed only by some hundred persons, came off on the 10th inst., over the Franklin Park Trotting Course, Boston, between two horses named "Lady Stewart" and "Moonshine." The match was for \$200, mile heats, best three in five, to saddle. Dan Mace was astride the mare's back, and William Woodruff was visible on the outside of the gelding. The "Lady" won in three straight heats. Time, 2:55; 2:53½; 2:56. The race was an exceedingly close one and greatly pleased the select few present.

TROTTING AT FULTON, N. Y.—A little match came off over the Nashua Trotting Course, on the 11th inst., between "Mike Cook" and "Hardroad," the former of which had come off well during the last summer, in company with some crack trotters. Consequently, the present proceedings were not without their interest. We give the summary:

NASHUA TROTTING COURSE, FULTON, Aug. 11, 1860.—For a purse of \$200, mile heats—best three in five.

James L. Edoff s. g. Mike Cook..... 1 2 1 1
C. W. Baker's c. g. Hardroad..... 2 1 2 2
Time—2:41; 2:43; 2:42; 2:45.

TROTTING AT LYNN, ILL.—On the 4th inst., a little affair came off at the above place, which, as an exemplification of the perils that at times attend trotting, was suggestive of those which, according to Shakespeare, are connected with the "course of true love." The contestants on the occasion were Mr. Reed's horse "Jerusalem" and Mr. Case's colt "Spartan." The start was made for the first heat, but the horses had not gone very far when they trotted into a large herd of cattle. The heat was consequently run as a false one, and another attempt made, which was so far successful as to complete the heat "Jerusalem" being the winner. The second heat was also declared false—Reed, the driver of "Jerusalem," taking the track for, which also ended in favor of "Jerusalem," to whose owner the money was given.

BALL PLAY.

MATCHES TO COME.

Aug. 25.—Pennsylvania vs. Equity—return match—on the Columbia and Ridge Avenue Ground.

27.—Enterprise, of Brooklyn, vs. Eureka, of Newark, near Chestnut street depot.

—Knickerbocker vs. Excelsior, at Hoboken.

Sept. 7.—Eagle vs. Harlem.

MUTUAL VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs played a match together at Hoboken on the 13th inst., which resulted in favor of the Empire, their score being 17 to 7 on the part of the Mutuals. The Mutuals did not play near as well as in their match with the Atlantic, their batting being decidedly below their mark. The Empire in this respect playing in a very superior manner. Benson, Miller and Ward doing material service in the field for the Empire; and Harris, Beard, McMahon and A. B. Taylor being effective in their several positions in the field. P. O'Brien was umpire, and as he is considered a 1 in that position, and his decisions always worthy of respectful attention, we shall briefly notice one that he made in which we think he decided correctly. Leavey, in the 8th inning, hit a high ball to the right of the pitcher, which Powell—who was pitching then—ran for, but missed taking it on the fly, the ball bounding from his hands outside the line, between the home and first base, Leavey reaching his base by the hit and miss. The umpire decided it foul, as it first touched the ground outside the base. Section 8 of the rules states, that if a ball first touches the ground behind the bases, it shall be termed foul. No player trying to catch a ball on the fly is going to miss it for the purpose of making it bound outside the line of the bases, in order that it shall be a foul ball, and that is the only objection that can be raised to the decision in question. The game was brought to a close on the 8th even innings, owing to the rain, the result being as the following score indicates:

EMPIRE.				MUTUAL.			
NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.	NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.
Benson, catcher.....	3	2	3	Beard, catcher.....	2	1	2
Thorne, pitcher.....	3	2	3	H Taylor, right field.....	3	1	0
Miller, 2d base.....	1	3	0	Burns, pitcher.....	2	2	0
Ward, 1st base.....	2	2	2	McMahon, short stop.....	4	0	0
Moore, right field.....	2	2	2	Spence, centre field.....	4	0	0
Ward, short stop.....	2	2	2	Mott, left field.....	3	1	1
Culver, left field.....	3	2	2	Harris, 2d base.....	2	1	1
Russell, centre field.....	3	2	2	Powell, 3d base.....	1	1	1
Leavey, 3d base.....	4	1	1	A Taylor, 1st base.....	3	0	0
Total.....	17			Total.....	7		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
--	-----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

Empire.....	2	1	0	0	3	5	0	1	—
Mutual.....	2	1	0	0	2	0	1	1	—

FIELDING.

	Fly.	Bnd.	Base.	Fly.	Bnd.	Base.
--	------	------	-------	------	------	-------

Benson.....	1	0	1	Beard.....	3	4	0
Thorne.....	0	0	0	H Taylor.....	0	0	0
Miller.....	0	2	1	Burns.....	2	1	0
Ward.....	2	1	3	McMahon.....	0	2	0
Moore.....	0	0	0	Spence.....	0	2	0
Ward.....	1	0	0	Mott.....	0	1	0
Culver.....	0	0	0	Harris.....	3	0	0
Russell.....	0	1	0	Powell.....	0	0	0
Leavey.....	2	0	0	A Taylor.....	1	1	4
Total.....	6	13	5	Total.....	9	10	4

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bnd.	Base.	Fly.	Bnd.	Base.
--	------	------	-------	------	------	-------

Benson.....	1	0	1	Beard.....	0	0	1
Thorne.....	0	2	0	H Taylor.....	0	1	0
Miller.....	0	1	0	Burns.....	0	0	0
Ward.....	1	0	0	McMahon.....	0	0	0
Moore.....	0	0	0	Spence.....	0	2	0
Ward.....	2	1	0	Mott.....	1	0	0
Culver.....	1	0	0	Harris.....	2	0	0
Russell.....	1	1	0	Powell.....	0	0	0
Leavey.....	1	1	0	A Taylor.....	0	1	0
Total.....	6	4	0	Total.....	3	4	1

Passed balls on which bases were run—Beard 8, Benson 3.

Put out at home base—McMahon by Benson.

Run out between bases—Ward by Beard.

Catches missed on the fly—Benson 1, Ward 4, A. B. Taylor 1.

McMahon 1, Powell 1, Beard 1.

Catches missed on the ground—Beard 1.

Time of game—Two hours and fifty five minutes.

Umpire—P. O'Brien, of the Atlantic Club.

Scorers—For Empire, C. W. Gerritt; for Mutual, Jas. McConnell.

GOTHAM JR. VS. BUNKER HILL.—These ball clubs met at Hoboken on the 10th inst., and played a match which resulted altogether in favor of the former, the latter resigning at the sixth innings. We append the score:

GOTHAM JR. BUNKER HILL.

NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.	NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.
-------	----	----	-------	-------	----	----	-------

Purdy, pitcher.....	2	7	0	Simpson, catcher.....	3	0	0
Ward, 1st base.....	2	6	0	Ely, 2d base.....	3	2	0

Wood, 3d base.....	3	4	0	Ryder, left field.....	4	0	0
Reynolds, catcher.....	1	6	0	Woodruff, 2d base.....	3	0	0
Reynolds, centre field.....	1	2	0	Reld, centre field.....	1	2	0
Taylor, left field.....	5	2	0	Buinger, pitcher.....	2	0	0
King, right field.....	5	4	0	Hanson, right field.....	4	0	0
Total.....	40			Pettus, short stop.....	1	1	0

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
--	-----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

Gotham Jr.....	5	3	6	6	6	12	40		
Bunker Hill.....	4	0	0	1	0	0	5		

OSCEOLA VS. YOUNG AMERICA.—A match between the second nine of the former, and the first nine of the latter, was played at Hamilton Square on the 8th inst., and resulted as follows:

YOUNG AMERICA. OSCEOLA.

NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.	NAME.	R.	B.	RUNS.
-------	----	----	-------	-------	----	----	-------

Lawrence, catcher.....	1	5	0	Boyle, short stop.....	4	3	0
Godine, short stop.....	1	4	0	Wright, catcher.....	2	5	0
J. Thorne, 1st base.....	5	1	0	Walters, 1st base.....	3	4	0
G. Thorne, 3d base.....	6	0	0	Robitaille, pitcher.....	2	5	0
Peck, pitcher.....	4	0	0	Walsh, 2d base.....	3	4	0
W. Cook, left field.....	2	3	0	Love, 3d base.....	2	4	0
Chout, 2d base.....	3	2	0	Donnellon, right field.....	3	4	0
J. Cook, right field.....	2	0	0	Total.....	22		
Total.....	16			Total.....	32		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
--	-----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

Young America.....	2	3	1	2	0	1	5	16	
Osceola.....	5	2	1	2	4	2	8	32	

Umpire—J. Armory, of the Manhattan Club.

Scorers—Messrs. A. H. Wright and J. Way.

BIG BRAT.—The first nine of the Excelsior Club of West Troy defeated the Watervliet Club recently by the enormously disproportionate figures of 56 to 8.

MEDWAY VS. LYON.—We learn that the former club have accepted the challenge given by the Lyons to play any base ball club in the country, and that the game will take place on the agricultural grounds, Worcester, Mass., somewhere about the last day of Sept.

The winning club is to receive the purse of \$1000 which the Mechanics Base Ball Club, of Worcester, are to see provided for the occasion.

THE TRIGGER IN OLD BEERS. Reading City, Pa., August 6, 1860.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—On Tuesday, the 31st ult., a pop at pigeons came off at Audubon Hall, on the fly, in which the worthy best figured conspicuously with his shooting iron (double barrel). The conditions were to shoot at five birds each, 21 yards and 80 yards fall, 1½ oz. shot, for the "smiles" of the party, which was numerous.

Among the number, we noticed several lights of the trigger, particularly the host of the Mansion House, who has long since retired from the pigeon shooting arena. The following is a summary—

A. D. W. 4 out of 5..... 5 J. M. 2 out of 5..... 5

Wm. M. 0 out of 5..... 0 Chas. L. 2 out of 5..... 5

The result was that which was decided by throwing up stones to be shot at—the party numbering the most pellets to be the winners.

This resulted in favor of Chas. L. and J. M., the latter, our worthy host, who has in numerous previous matches decked his brow with victor's wreaths, and is now esteemed as an adept at the trap.

After the shooting the parties retired to the "Hall," where they paid their devotions to the shrine of Bacchus. As a legitimate consequence, songs, recitations, and toasts were blended harmoniously with flying bumpers to the ever "Smiling James" and his Jay bird, who is quite a friend to the Visitors and boarders, being first in presenting himself at the table on the announcement of the party, and not the last at the bar and ice cream saloon, where he became a shorter—having killed some stray birds. The champagne was drunk, the popping of the corks being almost as intense as the firing of the guns.

An important match is on the tapis between the two renowned Jims of Old Beers, to settle the old grudge about the championship. The prize is two golden pen holders; the shooting to come off as soon as good flies can be obtained. More anon.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT HURDLE RACE.—This pedestrian event, the conditions of which were to run a distance of two miles, over 50 ditches of hurdles, for £100 a side, came off on the 11th inst., on Stoke Newington Common. The contestants were Capt. H. D. Lawrie (no relation to the late Sir John Lawrie), and Capt. W. H. Patten Saunders. On coming to the start, a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd of spectators, caused by the fine and muscular appearance of the men, both being over six feet in height. Betting was at once freely commenced, Lawrie having the call at 7 to 4. The flag dropped to an even start, and Capt. Lawrie immediately rushing to the front

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Aug. 11.—Webb and Moran—£20 a side, Durham.

14.—Smith and Benson—£12 to £10, London.

Sept. 11.—Howard and Pott—£10, London.

Nov. 6.—Brettell and Ward—£10 a side, London.

Oct. 16.—Gilliam and Tyler—£50 a side, London.

Nov. 6.—Tom Paddock and Hurst, (the Staleybridge Infant), £200 a side and the Champion's belt, London.

THE RING.—From our foreign advices, up to date of August 5, we glean but little relating to ring matters. The Hernan and Savers battle appears, however, to still give them some little to talk about, more especially the Champion's reception on his arrival here. They, more particularly the renegade referee, are exceedingly charged at the remarks of the American press, which fully proves that the truth is on our side of the house; were it otherwise, their remarks would be couched in very different terms, from what they now are, and the whinnies they indulge in would give place to boasting of the worst description. They are making efforts to throw the blame, in reference to the non-payment for the duplicate belt, on Heenan's shoulders. What subterfuge will they resort to next.

YOUNG LEAD VS. LYNN CHAMPION.—These men fought for £5 a side on the 24th inst., near Lynn, the former winning in 10 rounds and 25 minutes. The Lynn man weighed 138 lbs., and Lead less than 112 lbs.

THE STALEYBRIDGE INFANT AND PADDOCK.—The fight between these men for the Championship of England, looked forward to with interest, and the preliminaries are progressing satisfactorily, the deposits being regularly made. Paddock and Langham took a joint benefit on the 31st ult., Dick Cain being master of ceremonies. Paddock had since gone to the sea side to endeavor to recover his strength, and to prepare himself for the forthcoming encounter.

MADE AND BRETTLE.—The contest between these men it is expected will be good one. Made was about taking a benefit, previous to going into training.

CHARLEY LYNCH THE AMERICAN. and champion of the feather weights, now known as mine host of the Horseshoe, Mile End Road, is doing well it appears, and states that he will be glad to receive visits from his American friends, where they can at all times find the New York Clipper for perusal. His match with young Shaw, which it was thought would be on by this time does not appear to be progressing, however. See what young Shaw says:—"He first challenges me at Sat. 11b., and when I accept, declines to fight over Sat. This I agree, but, as usual, he breaks out of that also. For the future, I hope he will have the decency to cease calling himself the champion of the feather-weights—a title which I am justly entitled, and which I am prepared to defend against any man breathing, at Sat or Sat 11b. for £100 or £200 a side."

AQUATICS.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.—This aquatic event on British waters was commenced on the 31st ult. The first race, for "The Prince Consort's Cup," for cutters over 60 tons, was won by the Arrow. The second race, for Her Majesty's Cup, was won by an exciting contest won by the Albatross, a J. O. Yacht (cock). It was unnecessary to enter into the computation of the difference of time she was to have allowed to the other boats, which would have been less than 25 minutes, 20 seconds to one of them—the Zouave.

FOX VS. WESTMINSTER.—The eight oared race between the rival crews of these renowned seats of learning, came off on the 3d inst. The crews were named and weighed as follows:

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Moments, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 45-6m.
 Baltimore, Md. Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st., (basement). 15-3m.
 Boston, Mass. Peter Kelly, No. 2 Williams Court. 9-3m.
 Terre Haute, Ind. Jacob Rapp, Journal office. 11-3m.
 Cleveland, O. T. J. Quinlan & Co., 147 Ontario street. 18-6m.

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 G. CHARLES, PAUL BERGER,
 J. H. SIVORI, T. J. PEEL, and
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For particulars see bills of the day. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 17 u

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WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELS.

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 FROM 444 BROADWAY,

WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELS,
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Are now on their first annual traveling tour, and will visit all the
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SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,
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Tickets.....25 cents.
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J. H. SMITH'S
GREAT AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE,
 (LATE COOPER'S).

Established for the rendition of the best Operas, &c., in the English
 language, embracing the following splendid Lyric Artists,
 forming a Constellation of Stars never before
 equalled on this Continent.

ANNE MILNER,
 Prima Donna Assoluta.

MISS H. PAYNE, Miss MARIA BARTON,
 Second Lady. Third Lady.

ANNIE KEM, AYNLEY COOK,
 Contralto. First Bass.

BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, F. B. BOUDNOT,
 First Tenor. Second Bass.

F. TOULMIN, MR. SUGDEN,
 Chorus Basses. Third Bass.

MR. KRAFT, Pianist.
 The Chorus will consist of the following excellent Vocalists:

MISS BARTON, MISS GIMBER, MISS WHELE,
MISS JOHNSON, MR. BRUNO, MR. WICKENS,
MR. STANLEY, MR. WARRIE, MR. SUGDEN.

Danceuse. MR. BRANDON, and MR. STICKNEY.
Stage Manager of the Troupe. MR. FRANK BOUDNOT.

H. C. COOPER,
 Director of the Music, Solo Violinist and General Manager.

Business Agent. T. ALSTON BROWN.
 The Repertoire of the Troupe consists of the following great Works:

FULL OPERAS. OPERATIC PLAYS.
 Lucresia Borgia.....Donizetti
 Daughter of the Regiment.....do
 The Love Spell.....do
 Lucia di Lammermoor.....do
 The Bohemian Girl.....Balle.
 La Sonnambula.....Bellini.
 Norma.....do
 Il Trovatore.....Verdi.
 La Traviata.....do
 Cinderella.....Rossini.
 The Barber of Seville.....do
 Der Freyschutz.....Weber.
 Fra Diavolo.....Auber.
 The Crown Diamonds.....do
 Marriage of Figaro.....Mozart.

Negotiations are pending for the production of Wallace's
 New Opera of "Lurline," which has lately created so great a furore
 in Europe.

Managers wishing to make arrangements with this fine Troupe,
 will please address T. ALSTON BROWN, Business Agent, City Item
 office, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Troupe, after a rest of six weeks, re-open at Boston for a season
 of four weeks; they then take a tour through all the Southern
 States, visiting Havana, &c.

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ETHIOPIAN AND AMERICAN VOCALISTS

The world has ever produced.

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 GUSTAVE BIDAUX, W. ALANOW OWENS,
 H. S. RUMSEY, M. L. ROSATI,
 LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HUBSON,
 E. FRENCHMAN, YOUNG LANGLOISE,
 MONS. B. YATESIE, CARL DE VINCENT,
 J. GARATQUE, T. D. STANLEY,

W. W. NEWCOMB.
 This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and
 South, en route for the latter of Cuba, August 13th.

CAID EXPLANATIVE.
 Until the present season we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY
 & NEWCOMB'S CAMPELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere
 recognized. The name was our's by inheritance, we being the sur-
 vivors of those who sleep beneath the clouds of the valley, hav-
 ing, with them, years ago, formed the Campbell. As one by one
 departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead
 brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently
 the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as
 household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMP-
 BELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But
 men basing force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, form
 bands spontaneously, and as disciples do their stolen children,
 named them falsely and called them Campbell. We found non-
 professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks
 and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and de-
 ceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright
 misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Camp-
 bells' respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a de-
 sire to keep the public from the machinations of the YAGRAMBS above
 alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells,
 whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as-
 sume that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAU-
 TION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling or living, save
 ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MIN-
 STRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
 Managers and Proprietors.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
 MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 13,
 and every evening during the week, at
 HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S OPERA HOUSE,
 855 Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden.

R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, and G. W. H. GRIFFIN, Proprie-
 tors.

This novel Troupe comprises the following well-known artists:
BILLY BIRCH, his first appearance since his return from California.
J. UNSWORTH, J. B. DONNICKER,
MASTER EUGENE, J. C. REEVES,
S. C. CAMPBELL, E. J. MELVILLE,
R. M. HOOLEY, AUG. ASCHER,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, R. W. H. HOWLAND, &c.

L. A. ZWISLER, Agent.
 The management present the above combination of stars as the
 most talented and complete Minstrel organization extant.

For full particulars see bills of the day.
 Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
 Admission, 25 cents; Private boxes, \$3.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND CLOTHING DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street.
 The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire.
 Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a
 stamp. No business done on Sunday. 61 u

CHARLES MELVILLE, Tenor and Balladist, late of Mrs. Matt.
 Peeli's Campbell, is open for an engagement with a responsible
 manager. Address CLIPPER office. 19-21

WILLIAM CONRAD, WISH BALEY'S COMPANY.—Please ad-
 dress your orders to F. Koulg, West Mount Vernon, Westchester
 county, N. Y. 19-11 u



FRED AND MARTHA WREN.
 The celebrated
JUVENILE COMEDIANS,
 (Now at Barnum's Museum.)

Are preparing to star the ensuing Winter. Their New York en-
 gagements finish about October 1st, 1860. Their pieces are new
 and attractive. All communications to be directed to

MRS. E. O. WILKIN, Palace Gardens, New York City.
 19-1 u

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
 421 CALLOWHILL STREET.

TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN

OF ALL THE OLD FAVORITES.

THE NEW YORK MELODEON COMPANY—a company comprising
 more TALENT and BEAUTY than any five companies in this country
 —will appear in conjunction with

THE WORLD RENOWNED
PHILADELPHIA MELODEON COMPANY,
 On TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1860.

and on every succeeding evening during the Fall and Winter Season,
 thereby forming a company with which

THE MANAGEMENT INVITE COMPARISON, AND DEFTY
COMPETITION FROM ALL THE MANAGERIES COMBINED.

From among the many talented principals engaged for the coming
 season might be enumerated the justly established favorites

MISS SALLIE J. BISHOP and **H. O. LALANDE**, besides
MISS MILLIE FOWLER,

the only truly classic dancer on the American stage.

And countless others, all of which will be presented with a fullness
 and freshness of style and accompaniment that will make them at
 once beautiful, gorgeous and attractive, displaying, as they will,
 the splendor of the East and the melo-toned loveliness of the

West. But while the love of the beautiful will be thus satiated, the ad-
 mirers of wit, humor, drollery and all the eccentric characteristics of
 COMEDY,

SONG, and **ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.**

will be gratified by the performance of the best artists in each of
 these particular departments. The whole entertainment will be so
 interspersed with single acts of varied beauty as must please any
 cast of mind that is susceptible of pleasant emotions.

The object of the proprietor of the Melodeon is to present to its
 patrons such entertainments as, while it delights and edifies, is still
 relieved from the mannerism and banter of the opera or theatre,
 and leaves the mind at liberty to think, act, or be quiet, as may
 best accord with its own pleasure, though the senses may be occu-
 pied with the presence of the beautiful.

FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor,
JAMES CONNER, Stage Manager.

MOIRIS BROTHERS, PRINCE & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS.

Will commence their
FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,
 Monday, August 20th, 1860.

At their Opera House,
ORDWAY HALL, BOSTON.

The Company consists of the following talented artists:—
LOAN MORRIS, **E. BOWERS,**
BILLY MORRIS, **FRED WILSON,**
JOHNSY TELL, **R. M. CARROLL,**
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, **W. H. BROCKWAY,**
A. A. THAYER, **J. S. GILBERT,**
E. W. PRESCOTT, **CARL TRAUTMAN,**
J. P. ENDRES, **FREDERICK BESS,**
CHAS. A. MORRIS, **MASTER GETTINGS.**

The public know that nothing will be left undone to merit
 a continuance of past favors.

LOAN MORRIS, Manager.

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
 421 CALLOWHILL STREET.

The management would most respectfully announce to his friends
 and the public generally, that this the most popular place of amuse-
 ment ever established in Philadelphia, will be opened for the season
 of 1860-61.

On TUESDAY, SEPT. 4th, 1860.

In the interim the auditorium of the theatre will be entirely altered,
 re-decorated and upholstered, and the entire theatre will be
 renovated and many improvements conducive to the comfort of the
 audience will be introduced. Further particulars in future adver-
 tisements. Ladies and gentlemen of recognized professional ability
 desiring engagements, may address, by letter only, to

FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor
 of the New York and Philadelphia Melodeons.

TWIDDLE HALL, ALBANY.—This new and magnificent Hall is
 now ready to rent for Lectures, Concerts, Exhibitions, &c. It is cap-
 able of seating 2,000 persons, and is pronounced by those who have
 used it to be one of the best and handsomest Halls in the country.
 For terms address

THOS. FAWELL, Agent, Twiddle Hall,
 17 St.

TO THE PROFESSION—GREEN'S HALL, VINCENT'S INDIANA.—
MR. GREEN has fitted up a new Hall, and is now prepared to rent it
 by the night or week, on reasonable terms, for Concerts, Theatrical
 Performances, &c., &c. The Hall is lighted with gas, well seated,
 has a good stage, and possesses all the modern improvements.
 Size of the Hall, 82 feet long and 38 feet wide. Will seat 700 per-
 sons.

For terms, address by letter, **JOHN P. ORDWAY.**

Or personal application from 10 to 12, A. M., or 2 to 4, P. M., at the
 Melodeon Hall, to **JAMES MCGEE, Superintendent.** 44-3m

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDWIN FOOTH, Mrs. Edwin Booth (Mary
 Devlin), Jos. Jefferson, Mrs. John Wood, Southern, as Lord Dundre-
 y, E. Eddy, Charlotte Cushman, Maggie Mitchell, and others. Price
 25 cents each, and sent free of postage, by

O. A. ROORBACH, Jr., 122 Nassau st., N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
 421 Callowhill street,
 Will open for the Fall and Winter Campaign, on

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1860.

Ladies and gentlemen that are engaged for the coming season will
 be governed by the above announcement without further notice.

FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing engage-
 ments for the season opening about the 1st of September, and con-
 tinuing until the 4th of July, will address William Henderson, Thea-
 tre, Pittsburgh. Stars wishing nights will be treated with on liberal
 terms. No other theatre in the city.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, Manager.

KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.—This elegant Hall, since its
 opening, May 1st, 1860, has been occupied by some of the first mu-
 sical talent of the country, with entire success, and by them pro-
 nounced to be the finest Concert Hall in the Northwest. For rent,
 on liberal terms, apply to

P. O. Box 3210, Chicago, Ill.

RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS, wishing to negotiate for a first Low
 Comedians for the coming Fall and Winter Season, will please address

M. W. FISKE,
 (Formerly of Burton's) of the Broadway, N. Y., and late of the
 Boston Theatre, Halifax, N. S., British Provinces. 15-61

MR. EUGENE FRANKLIN, the popular Leading Juvenile Man,
 formerly of the Apollo Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.; National Theatre,
 Boston; and Louisville Theatre, Ky., is open for engagements.
 Managers wishing to negotiate, can address as above, Boston,
 Mass. 19-21

BUDWORTH'S

late, the original and only genuine
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
 THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION,
 From Wood's Marble Palace, 561 and 563 Broadway, and
 444 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

Where they have been permanently located for
 THE PAST TEN YEARS.

Are now on a tour of the United States and Canada, having recent-
 ly performed Four Weeks, twice each day, at
BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, N. Y.

THE GREATEST MINSTREL ENGAGEMENT ON RECORD.
 This troupe is under the supervision of

JAMES H. BUDWORTH.
 THE PRINCE OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS.

List of artists for 1860 and 61:
J. H. BUDWORTH, **W. S. BUDWORTH,** **ROLLIN HOWARD,**
M. J. SALMONS, **MONS. DELVIDIO,** **MONS. STRAKOSCH,**
J. K. CAMPBELL, **MR. KILTER,** **THEO. HALL,**
J. SLATER, **A. H. WOOD,** **W. STRATTON,**

MAST FRANK BUDWORTH, the smallest Ethiopian artist, **MAST**
TOMMY, **MADAME INDEX FAIBRI-CO,** the greatest living bur-
 lesque Prima Donna.

Forming a galaxy of artists unequalled in the annals of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.

P. S.—No company has the right to the name of "WOOD'S MIN-
 STRELS" except this, as our recent great New York engagement
 goes to show. No troupe genuine but the one under my manage-
 ment. **J. H. BUDWORTH.** 19-41

MR. J. C. FREDERICKS. The Eminent
TRAGEDIAN AND ELOCUTIONIST.

After an extended tour of five years in the Southern and West-
 ern States and Canada, will give a

GRAND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT
 AT HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,
 On Monday, August 27th,

Prior to his return to England.
 The choicest selections (entirely from memory) from SHAKES-
 PEAR, and the greatest AMERICAN AND BRITISH POETS.

Admission 50 cents. 19-11

JAS. R. PAULIN, costumer and "first old man," is inquired for.
 He was last in California.

CHAS. J. FIFFE, Juvenile and Light Comedian, and **KITTY**
FIFFE, Singing Chambermaids and Boys, are open for engagements,
 jointly or separately. Managers will please address

CHAS. J. FIFFE, Box 169, Mount Vernon, Indiana.

CITY SUMMARY. August 20, 1860.

"My lord, here are the actors!" So did the courier, Polonius ex-
 claim, when he brought the welcome tidings to his lord, of the ap-
 proach of a strolling company to Elsinore. And how gratified was
 the sage Hamlet when he heard the news! what a masterly essay
 on the actor's art did he deliver! and how, in a subsequent scene,
 did he criticize the Danish prince's quest, and in his presence,
 in the harmonious "sitting of the word to the action and the action
 to the word!" In these remote days, it was only the owners of
 palaces who enjoyed the amusements of the stage, which are now
 common to us all. From time to time, the wanderers came upon
 certain places, where they were wont to give a specimen of their
 ability, and where, it is to be hoped, as a general rule, they were
 treated with accordance with the Danish prince's quest, and in view
 of his opinion that it was better all men should be used well and
 honorably. We have been reminded of this incident, as recorded
 by Shakspere in his finest play, by the advent in our midst of
 many actors, now that the regular fall and winter season is about
 to commence. It is true that we have no talkative old lord cham-
 berlain to furnish us with the history of the stage, but in his place,
 however, we have a thousand flaming messengers on our dead walls,
 omitting the presence of the worthies themselves, whose business
 it is to "hold as it were the mirror up to nature," and the knowledge
 we possess that now is the time for their grand commencement.

In the matter of amusement, we, the modern many, are in pleasant
 contrast with the ancient few, both in the quality of our actors and
 the frequency of their visits. With the same centry of the by gone
 time, it would be too much to ally any very wonderful scope of gift
 —anything, in fact, which, as a rule, our actors present; equally
 ridiculous would it be to suppose that the variety of representations
 then was anything like what it is now. For the people who lived
 in Hamlet's time, a stilted tragedy was enough, but it is scarcely
 for us, when tragedy, comedy, farce, burlesque, pantomime, and
 minstrelsy are all thrown in together. For such specialties, we
 have the appropriate places, and very pleasant ones, too, as they
 deserve to be. From the character of New York, as the virtual
 capital of the Union, we must have the first in everything, and in
 no regard is that more obvious than in our popular amusements.

Taken as a whole, our professional class will bear comparison with
 that furnished by any other city. With Forest, as the representative
 man of tragedy; Wallack and Lester, as general comedians; Walcott,
 Wheatleigh, and Jefferson, as eccentric droll; Blake, for the old man;
 Brougham for the more outre order of characterization; our Laura
 Keane, Sara Stevens, Ida Clifton, and Fanny Woods, as our light
 stars; and our Bryants, and Hooley & Campbell's, as the luminaries
 of the darker beauty, we believe may claim, if not an international
 championship, at least, an international equality with the best of
 our neighbors. Among the parties thus enumerated, some have
 already taken the field; others are to follow in a few days, when the
 amusement world here will be in full revolve, without, we trust,
 making either the professionals or the public dizzy. As on former
 occasions, long journeys have been taken, an immense expenditure
 incurred, all sorts of talent been secured, to please the real New
 York public, who, on the principle, as "liberal as a prince," is
 never backward in encouraging efforts made in its behalf.

A. H. Davenport's engagement at Wallack's is to extend from the
 commencement of the season, in September, until November, when,
 according to present arrangements, he goes to New Orleans.

Mr. J. W. Ford, who has been engaged by the Christy's Minstrels
 in London, arrived here on the 15th inst. in the steamship Persia.

On the 23d ult., a silver cup and an address engrossed upon vellum
 were presented to Mr. Raynor by his London friends, in token of
 their esteem, and on the occasion of his retirement from the man-
 agement of the Christy Minstrels. The cup bore the following in-
 scription: "Presented to J. W. Raynor, Esq. by a few private
 friends, for his urbanity and kindness during his stay in England,
 July 23, 1860." Mr. R. has made a competence through his con-
 nection with Christy's Minstrels in London, and now retires from
 the profession.

The Clunton Brothers have returned to New York from their
 short European tour. They can be seen in mine and lady's accom-
 paniment at the New York Theatre, on the 17th inst., for Liverpool.

Yankee Bierce sailed from here on the 15th inst., for Liverpool,
 in the ship Great Western. Mr. Bierce intends visiting the cities
 and towns of Great Britain in a professional capacity.

Mr. F. Lawlor, at present, performing at Wallack's, is engaged
 for the next season at the Winter Garden.

At Niblo's Garden, "Cinderella" continues to be the card. Mean-
 while, preparations are in progress for the representation of the new
 gymnastic entertainment announced in our last. We are glad to
 say that Mr. Thomas Harlow has quite recovered from the effects of
 his late fall, and that he will reappear.

Budworth's Minstrels closed on the 15th at Barnum's, and are
 succeeded, this week, by the Wren Family of Juvenile Theatians.
 These performers (male and female) are very clever and interest-
 ing.

The Bryants offer for the current week a programme rich
 and varied—containing among a host of other rare things, the Troubles
 of a Colored Photographer, which, as a mirth inspiring piece cannot
 be easily equalled.

Adah Isaacs Menken gives a reading this (Monday) evening, at
 Hooley & Campbell's, and in mine and lady's accompaniment, we may promise all who
 attend on the occasion a rich treat. It too often happens that what
 are called "readings" in public by individuals have not gone beyond
 what the bare word signifies; but with a

OUR THIRD PRIZE STORY.

REVENGE:

OR,
THE LIBERTINE'S LAST VICTIM.A TALE
OF
MYSTERY AND CRIMEShowing Vice in both the Higher and Lower Circles
of Life.WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
(And which took the Third Prize of \$100.)

By FRANCIS H. SHEPHERD, of Davenport, Iowa.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

From every city in the Union engagements poured in upon our heroine, and every where the star of her fortune shone still brighter; like a fairy she gleamed in on them and entranced them with her powers.

Mid the train that worshipped at her shrine was one who went with her, played with her, and transacted all her business. He was a noble, talented man, and in the heart of Ida warmed to wards him. His generous impulses and noble actions had won a deep hold on her affections. Still it was not love. No! the heart of that wronged and injured woman knew not the word—'twas for ever stilled within her breast.

'Twas after a triumphant engagement in the city of Philadelphia, that Ida returned to the city of New York to recruit for another season. Nature's beautiful face glittered with the splendor of the setting sun. The storm of the night before had passed away leaving no trace of its presence, save in the crowded, muddy depths of the streets. Ida sat with the recess of a window looking out upon the countless forms that flitted past her. By her side stood Lawrence Wood, on whose expressive face the tendency of his thoughts was daggered.

'Then, Miss Bancroft, this vision is to fade like one of the bright dreams that bless the slumber of childhood. Ida, hear me once more, I have talents which the tempt of poverty can never crush; energy not like that of some peasants sleeping by the roadside because the mountain side seems too steep to ascend. No, the more toil the sweeter would be the reward; the fiercer the fight, the more victorious the victory. On the battle field of life I would fight with an undaunted courage to win laurels that would not pale even beside yours, Ida.

'No, Lawrence, Ida replied with fearful meekness, "It cannot be. Do not despise me because I reject your generous love. If the power existed in my soul to shed a radiant gleam upon your path way, gladly would I use it. But the being who would seek for his own selfish gratification to darken and stain your life, instead of rendering it pure and beautiful, is not the being I would love."

'Then you reject me?" he said with bitterness.

'Reject you? Lawrence," returned Ida in the same sad tone, "not because I mistrust you, or fear that my affections would be transplanted to a more congenial soil. Lawrence, you do not know my history; you do not know the snares that have been thrown round me. Here, under the name of Edith Hetterton, I am unknown as Ida Bancroft. Were I to tell you and you should learn that the woman you adored was unworthy of you—if your heart, if the yet un- but oh! spare me this!" she cried in an agony of grief, "oh spare me this!"

At that moment a servant entered and presented a card to Ida, on which was written—"Mr. Cheatem desires a private interview."

'Stay, William," she said, addressing the servant, "turning to Lawrence she added in an agitated voice, "Lawrence, this man—this visitor who seeks me here, is my foe; you are my friend. Conceal yourself beside this curtain; your presence there will guard me from violence and insult; at all events, it will nerve me with energy. Thank you for that smile! It proves your unselfish trust. Tell the gentleman my request is acceded to. Show him here."

The servant withdrew. Lawrence retired behind the curtain, and Ida drew across him the red damask curtain so as to effectually conceal his person. Then, with a suppressed sigh, she murmured, "Heaven shield me still!"

The door was again opened, and Cheatem entered. He advanced with a slow step, while a presumptuous smile peered from his compressed lips. He commenced half satirically, as he reached the chair on which the rescued one reclined: "So, Miss Ida, we meet again!"

Ida raised her head and glanced with a stern, dignified glance into the speaker's face.

"I am sorry for it. I had indulged the hope that since we last met I should never look upon you again—had escaped all persecution; but I have been mistaken."

"You have. For months I have followed you; left no stone unturned to reward my efforts."

"And now, sir, what further insult do you propose?" she asked coldly.

"None, Miss Bancroft, if you will be only true to yourself. I have told you that I possessed the means whereby you could revenge your wrongs upon your enemies. I will now reveal what they are."

"Go on, sir," said Ida defiantly.

"Your mother was the daughter of Lewis Serwald, an old Pearl street merchant. Rawlings was also related by his mother's side. By some unknown means, she was introduced into his confidence, was with him when he died, and attended to his last wishes. With his will was duly opened and read, it was found that the whole of his vast estate was left to Rawlings."

"From whom did you learn this intelligence?" Ida asked coldly.

"The papers containing the information are safe within my of fice," said Cheatem, "and I would not care to show them to you."

"Man!" replied Ida indignantly, "were I so shamelessly lost to virtue as to barter this hand to the pollution of my soul, even then I would shrink with disgust from the contact of such baseness as yours."

"Indeed! you are a brave girl," he observed, with a chuckling grin. "I am empowered to enter suit behind John Rawlings and yourself, and this vast wealth I will place beside your hand. Choose which shall be destroyed," and sitting the action to the word, he retreated a step, folded his arms over his breast, and gazed with a mocking sneer upon the pallid features of Ida.

At that moment Lawrence dashed from his concealment, and struck the villain prostrate to the floor.

"And so, Mr. Cheatem, we meet again! What name can I designate you by, the utter baseness of which would only be too good for such treachery? Turn your face upon me, and in these features behold Lawrence Wood."

Thus challenged he sprang to his feet, and glared tremblingly upon the open, frank features of the young man, exclaiming in bewilderment: "Lawrence Wood!"

"The brother of your wronged wife; the son of the widow whom your base treachery hurried to the grave. The injuries that you have done to me I need not name, as they fill but a small space in the catalogue of your crimes."

The lawyer sank into a chair, writhing like a tortured snake. His head was lowered on his breast; his face was buried in his hands, which clutched convulsively his matted hair. On looking at him, a single glance of the beholder could have perceived the picture of baffled craft and treachery.

At that moment the door opened, and the Unknown, followed by three men, entered the room. "Mr. Cheatem, we have tracked you here. In the name of the I. O. F. B. A. C., I arrest you for treachery."

With this brief summons they surrounded the man who, despite his resistance, was carried from the room. The next moment a carriage was driven from the door.

When they were alone Lawrence turned with a smile to Ida and led her to a seat. Long they talked, but when they parted the traces of tears on Lawrence's face, and the heaving of his bosom, told that he knew all—that Ida could never be his.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

The hours move on, each one hastening the interview Rawlings so much desired. What would his answer be? A skillful physiognomist would have told from the resolute expression of his face.

Within a few moments of the time Elsie entered the office, her face as serene and as resplendent as the widow whom Macbeth encountered.

"So I have come," she said, as she drew near him. "Well, what will you do?"

"Much as I love my child, she must be sacrificed to appease your tongue. I have been drawn into a dangerous game and I must play it out, though a legion of devils stand at my side. I can never consent that my shame shall be blazoned to the world. Your son, villain as he is, shall wed my child."

"Agreed, and there's my hand on it!" said the woman; and her brown hand fastened upon his, in a vicelike grip.

"You promise, solemnly, not to betray me?" added Rawlings.

"I promise," she replied. "I'll be dumb with regard to your guilt, and you will let your daughter at once know how her hand is destined."

"Most assuredly!" he replied. And thus they parted, both to their homes.

The next morning Rawlings called his daughter into the library. It was evident that he had not slept at all that night, for his eyes were dull and heavy. He met her sweet look, but his purpose never faltered.

"Mary," said he sternly, "Captain Ellis was here last night; why does he come to see you so often?" The rich blood mounted to his daughter's cheek, but she was silent. "He professes to love you, does he not?"

"He does," she replied.

"And you fancy you love him, I suppose from your blushes?"

"I do love him," was the straightforward answer.

"And perhaps you have hoped some day to be his wife?"

"I had no hopes," replied Mary meekly.

"Girl," said her father, as he brought his cane down violently on the floor to endorse his words, "you shall never marry Edith—never!"

I have another match for you; there is one who has long loved you, and sought to win you, to whom you are indebted for your life, and his bride you shall be."

"Who is he?" faltered Mary.

"A man who need not depend on his daily toil to procure a livelihood—James Rawlings."

Mary lifted her eyes toward her father with a gaze that would have melted a heart sterner than his. "God help me!" she gasped, and staggering back she leaned against the wall trembling every nerve.

"James Rawlings?" she repeated. "A man who would have seen the inside of Sing Sing, if by his craft he had not eluded the officers of the law. Oh! father, you will not bind me to this! Worse than death will be my fate!"

For a time silence reigned. Flinging herself at his feet, Mary poured forth a wild appeal, which would have deeply moved him in his better days; but through all he stood there unbending as a statue. The rubicund Mary had been crossed when he met Elsie Raymond, and now he was strong in his resolve.

"Mary, you would make a good actress," he said in a tone of cutting irony, when she paused in her passionate plea. "Such a scene as this, enacted, would bring you fame and fortune. Again I say you shall be Edith's wife, whenever he shall claim you."

With these words Rawlings left her, slamming the door after him in his rage.

That night Lillis called at Rawlings' house, and was introduced into the parlor, where sat Rawlings and his daughter. As his name was announced, Mary shrank unobserved into the recess of the window.

"Is Mary I have come to see," he said, with a knowing wink at Rawlings; "Mary, you know, not you?"

"She was in the room when you were announced," replied Rawlings; "I will call her."

"Oh! there she is," cried Lillis, whose keen glance after roving round had noted the slight figure which had crept one side. "Good evening, Mary!" he said, as he sauntered to her side. "I suppose I need not trouble myself to put on the Miss, now, seeing as the affair has gone thus far. No doubt you know why I have come here to night."

"Yes," she replied, "and have told my father how utterly repulsive the idea of such a marriage is to me. He knows my whole being, being rebels, but he is obstinate. So I must try my appeal on you, James Lillis, would you drag to the altar a bride who went there like a victim to a sacrifice?"

"I'll tell you what, Mary Rawlings," said the man, bursting into a coarse laugh; "all these fine words are wasted on me; they will do better on Captain Ellis. One thing is certain—I will not give up my promised bride. No! I will not. And by the expression of his features Mary knew he cared not for a willing bride. "You needn't look so grim about it," he continued; "you will not have so bad a bargain in me, after all. And do you suppose that I would have striven to save you all through that night, and the perils of that sea, and when I have won you give you up? Never! Now for the wedding day. It is customary for the ladies to name that; so I leave it to you. Come, now, name it, and thus put a man out of his misery."

"Never!" said Mary firmly as she tore her hand away from his grasp.

For a moment Lillis stood astonished, and Rawlings advanced towards them. Ever since Lillis had entered the room he had not taken his eyes off him.

"Lillis," said he, as he advanced towards them, "we have met before."

"No doubt of it, old man; I guess you remember it. And he winked maliciously at him. "Perhaps you would pay ten thousand dollars more for silence."

"I were better for this had he never uttered those words; for the next moment all the fire of young animated Rawlings' frame. Seizing him by the throat, he held him off at arm's length.

"Miserable trickster!" he shouted, but I know that it was to you I promised my daughter's hand, blighted should have been my tongue, ere it spoke it. "Robber! Abductor! Extortioner! I defy you, and so I do!"

With a blanched face the villain turned to Rawlings and muttered, "twice his teeth, you will repent it!"

"Go!" said the incensed man, as he pitched him headlong into the hall. "I fear you not, for you well know that your own safety consists in your holding your tongue—look up, Mary, my child," said Rawlings, as he lifted from the floor his fainting daughter.

In that moment John Rawlings could have defied the very devil, and his machinations. For once in many months he felt a transient glow of happiness.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The day after Charles Rawlings had witnessed the wonders of Dr. Seel's magic mirror he wended his way to one of the most fashionable gambling halls on Broadway. Rawlings was flush that day, he had won some three or four thousand dollars at one hell, and he was now wending his way to another one to spend it.

He was changed, greatly changed in appearance since the time we first introduced him to the reader. He no more wore the distinguished gentlemanly air for which he was so famous. No! his manners were rough, his clothing was neglected. "I was evident now that Charles Rawlings had become a perfect loafer and blot. The club room, horse race, yacht racing, and gambling, were his favorite amusements. All day and night he was away, often never showing his face at home for weeks. As he entered the gambling saloon, the very first one he encountered was Walworth. Of all men in the world Rawlings wished to have avoided him. Both of them were under the influence of liquor, and both apt to be quarrelsome.

"How are you to-day, Rawlings?" said Walworth as he drew him into a private room and shut the door.

"Not anything the better for your pulling me in here!" was the sullen reply.

"You have had quite a streak of luck to-day, Rawlings," said Walworth, unbending the former's sullenness.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Then, of course, you will pay your debts, now that you have the means?"

The preparation gleamed from Rawlings' face, as springing to his feet, he replied, with unwonted decision of tone, "This money can not go to pay my debts; it is mine in other ways."

"And so have I," was the cool and determined answer.

As Walworth spoke he advanced towards Rawlings, with folded arms. Looking at him as sternly as his drunken nature would allow, he said, "You have the money; you refuse to pay your debts; then, in that case, you must give up that which by right is mine."

As he spoke, he clenched his fists, and attempted to throw him; but, like an eel, Rawlings evaded his grasp. With one of his prepositional hands, Rawlings snatched the knife that gleamed over his head; hastily he plucked a pistol from his breast, and fired. He was too late, the knife entered his breast—the pistol shot his opponent's brain. Wounded as he was, Rawlings did not lose his presence of mind, but snatching the obnoxious note from the dead man's grasp, he staggered through the now crowded room, and fell senseless from the loss of blood to the floor.

Sad as this event was it did not awaken any feelings of remorse in the hearts of the hardened men gathered there. As soon as Rawlings was removed home, and the body of Walworth laid to one side, they went on playing, the same as if nothing had happened.

The locale of the following day, in the principal papers, read as follows:—

"SHOCKING ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—DEATH OF THE MURDERER BY THE ASSAULT."

"Our city, in the vicinity of the Park, was thrown into an intense excitement last evening, by the intelligence that a serious affray had taken place in the gambling hall known as the ———. The facts are as follows:—It appears that Mr. Charles Rawlings, son of John Rawlings, Esq., had stepped into the above named saloon to look for a friend whom he had supposed was there. At the door he was met by a man named Walworth, long known as a professional gambler. Having asked Mr. Rawlings for a small sum of money, he was refused. This so exasperated him, that, drawing a knife, he stabbed the young gentleman in a dangerous manner. Maddened by the pain, the wounded man drew his revolver, and shot the would-be assassin dead. Mr. Rawlings lies in a critical condition. His physicians state that his recovery is exceedingly doubtful. Young Rawlings is an accomplished gentleman, of high reputation, and his death would be a severe loss to the community."

Thus the daily papers, with their wonted astuteness, commented on the facts—how truly, the reader can determine.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

For a few nights Ida had felt unusually depressed, and a strange sort of anxiety came over her for which she was unable to account. She could almost have believed that something unusual was going to happen. Formerly these presentiments had never failed to be the premonitions of some ill tidings; but what could occur now? Even death to herself could have nothing of terror in it. Stronger than ever came back the strange thrill. She at length fathomed the portent; it was a warning that Rawlings was ill. The next day, as she opened the morning paper, the first thing that caught her glance, was the notice in reference to him. Her heart was torn with joy; her second, of pity. She was revenged, but the bliss of it was denied to her. For hours she sat wavering between a false duty and a just hate. She felt that her place was beside him. Was she not his wife in the eyes of God, and her own soul? Was he not the father of her yet unborn babe? Then where should her post be? The truth, she knew, was this: she was torn between duty and love, and she was not to be divided.

scorned him, had she not been then deserted; but had she not a far different nature; she would bruise the rod that had whipped her—with kindness. Her resolve was taken; Ida had yielded.

Charles Rawlings was lying upon a low couch in his chamber, weakened by the change which had come over him within a few hours. He lay back upon his pillows his hair falling in damp masses over his forehead, the temples hollow, and the eyes beam- ing with an unusual brilliancy, which gave evidence that a fever had set in. Yes, there he lay, not sleeping but unable to rise, though he was not conscious of physical pain; and he had so long counted the pulsations of his heart, that his beating was unheeded. Once he tried to rouse himself, but in vain. Now a wild thought passed through his brain, and gained utterance at his lips. "Ida would not come; he should die alone!" A chill seemed creep- ing over him; and he pressed his hand against his pulse, as if to warm them into new life. It was wonderful to see the action of a strong will; he clutched the clothes with a mighty effort, and his heart seemed ready as he called out, "Ida! Ida!"

There was a hurried step in the hall; and even to the answer of prayer, Ida appeared, and was kneeling by his side. He recognized her, and felt her kiss upon his lips—then all was a blank. When he came to, he recognized all that were in the room; the mis- ter, his sister, and Ida.

"Ida! Ida!" he murmured, "Oh, can you forgive me? I thought I would die alone, but you are here—all is well!"

"They are all here, Charles, Mary, your sister," said Lillis, "and I am here, too. Oh! Ida, can you forgive me?" urged the dying man.

Ida saw the vein in which his thoughts ran. Leaning over him, she parted the locks on his pale brow, and whispered: "Never mind that, Charles; I shall forgive you. I have forgiven you all long ago."

"Ida," said the dying man, as he looked up into her calm and lovely face, "will you bury all the past, and become my bride? I do not ask you to bear my name; only to place yourself above re- proach in the world."

Ida hesitated.

"Only, Ida, for the sake of my child—your child."

This last appeal had the desired effect. Leaning over the dying man, she impressed a kiss on his pale lips.

Rising with a superhuman effort, he motioned the minister to him. A few words explained all. Joining their hands together, the simple vows were said; and Ida Bancroft was a wife. The ceremony was done: Rawlings sank back exhausted into his wife's arms.

He slept, it was the first untroubled rest that he had had for many nights. Ida was supporting him in her arms, his head resting upon her shoulder, her dark hair mingling with his still darker locks as she bent over him. He woke with a start; looking round for an instant in the belief that he was dreaming still.

"Rawlings, Charles!" she whispered. A glow broke over his pale face.

"This I was not dreaming," said he. "Ida! my wife! are you really here? have you been here long? I have been sick, or not? Is the night over?"

"It is hardly dark," she replied; "you have slept for several hours."

"And in your arms?" he asked; "you will not leave me again, Ida, never?"

"Not till you are well," she replied. "But you must lie down, Charles. You are worse. I must send for the physician again."

"I will not see him; I do not wish to get well. You will go away if I do."

"Charles!" she murmured, soothing him with a caress.

"And you came here for my sake? Oh! Ida, my wife, weak, cowardly to desert you so! I have tried to die, but death came not—I was to see you again."

"Never mind, Charles," said she; "it is all over now, let us think no more of the past; have we not the present?"

"But the future, Ida—the future!"

"We have none on this earth, this hereafter, in another world."

"Oh! tell me that, Ida; make me believe it."

"You do believe it, dear, there is no doubt in your soul; 'tis only the troubled feeling of your nature that gives you a doubt."

"With you near me, Ida, I can believe. I have done you a most fearful wrong, but oh! you forgive it by your presence."

He struggled up from the pillow; reaching up his arms in a gesture of entreaty, she bent over him, calling his name and soothing him with her voice. There was the sound of a voice and John Rawlings appeared upon the scene. "Father!" gasped the now dying man.

John Rawlings drew near his son. Ida started at the sound of that name, her arms were extended, her eager eyes were fixed upon that face, whose name had been so long engraved upon her soul.

"Who is this woman, Mary?" said he sternly.

"The wife of my brother," was her reply.

"The wife of my brother?" said the father's answer.

"Liar!" shouted his son, as he struggled to rise.

"Do you hear, Mary? your place by your brother's side is sup- planted by this lost woman, the base companion of that man—and she your sister! Never!"

"Sister—my sister! I have no sister," moaned the sorrow-strick- en girl.

Ida did not move, but through her parted lips came the same broken murmur—"Mary, my sister!"

"Who spoke my name? who called me sister? Father, what does this mean?"

"It is I, Mary, your sister Ida."

"Oh! no!" she shrieked, as an expression of loathing swept over her face.

"You see, Mary, a lost, degraded, ruined woman," said John Rawlings tauntingly.

"Listen to me, Mary," said Ida, but the girl retreated step by step, flinging out her hands to keep her aloof from her.

"Charles Rawlings, call this slander—speak to them!"

Rawlings heard her voice; it would have roused him from the in- sensibility of death were he to have heard it even then.

"Mary," called the dying man faintly, "come here—come close. This is Ida, your sister, my wife."

"And the woman who robbed you of your brother's love!" broke in his father.

"You will not believe this, Mary. You do not listen; Oh! believe your sister."

"You are not my sister!" exclaimed Mary vehemently, as she roused herself from her stupor of horror. "I will never believe you other than they say—Farwell!"

"Stop, Mary!" exclaimed Ida as she caught the hem of the girl's mantle, and strove to detain her; but Mary wrenched it from her grasp, and hurried to the door.

"I have nothing to say to you; I do not know you. How dare you speak to me?" And the next moment she was gone.

For many moments Ida remained standing where they left her. At length a low moan from the bed aroused her. She remembered the day duty lay there, and closing the door she went back to her husband's side.

He called her name—"Ida."

"I am here," she said; "be calm, I am here;" and she twined her arms around his neck, fearless and still, and sat watching as before, while she soothed him to slumber again. Slowly his eyes unclosed, and he looked up at his wife's face.

"Open the windows, Ida," he murmured, "let me look out."

She threw open the sash and the soft air of the summer evening, swept in, pure and fresh. Rawlings closed his eyes, then opened them again, looking still upon her face. Slowly the sunlight faded, seeming to beckon him away.

"Ida," he whispered, "forgiveness!" The eye brightened, then grew dim. Falling back with a convulsive shudder, his form trem- bled, and was still. Charles Rawlings was dead!

When Ida saw that all was over, she resigned her dead to the proper ones, and passed proudly out. Noble woman—noble re- venge!

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

No doubt our readers are anxious to learn the fate of the now un- fortunate Cheatem; and, as we have so long deferred it, we will re- turn to him and his captors. Away the carriage went until it rolled up to the door of Crowell's house. The captive man loudly shrieked, as they bore him to the door, pleading for forgiveness, and begging them not to murder him. Not a word was spoken in reply to his ravings, but dragging him in, they placed him in a dark room, and then left him to his thoughts.

The secret council chamber of the I. O. F. B. A. C. was once more thrown open. Around the chief were seated all the members—for on all trial days they never failed to appear. The chief arises. "Brothers of the mystic band, you are here again upon that solemn yet just order, business, the trial of a traitor. Sergeant, bring in the prisoners!"

The order was obeyed. With a slow and solemn step, the officer returned, leading in Cheatem and Lillis. To look upon the lawyer, you could see that even his brief confinement had changed him. His face was pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his flesh seemed to have shrunk into his very bones.

"Brothers of the mystic tie," continued the chief, as soon as the prisoners were seated, "in your laws, made, and signed, and sworn to, by yourselves, you instituted the following clauses:—

"If any member shall betray the secrets of this organization, either by word, deed, or action—he shall die!"

"If any person, or persons, entrusted or employed with the busi- ness transactions of this order, betrays or causes the same to be betrayed—he shall die!"

"If any one of the members shall, for his own benefit, take ad- vantage of any secrets that he has learned through the medium of this order, and use the same personally, by threats or otherwise, to accomplish his private object—he shall die!"

We've plotted in all the outrages of the law. For three years we have laughed to scorn their boot-hounds, while our good arms have wrung the gold from the rich man's coffer, and filled, in return, the poor man's box. I need not tell you, my brave companions, how we all have worked for revenge; nor how we have got it—that is shrouded in the past. To night we—our circle is broken, and thus, our farewell supper has come at last. Our revenge is not yet complete, but the organization may become too public. So we shall disband; what say you, do you agree? If so, David Selwyn, your late chief, and the Unknown, will say—farewell!"

Not a word was spoken; every man crowded round him. Hard- ened as they were, they felt the pang of parting. Kindred spirits they had become in villainy, and their souls had become related closely by the ties of crime; but the necessity was apparent, and they had decided that the I. O. F. B. A. C. was among the things that were.

That night, whether by accident or otherwise, the building was burned to the ground; and every thing that once showed the secrecy and power of that order of crime was destroyed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOOKS, "BOOKS," BOOKS.—NOTICE.—REMOVAL.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location, 76, to the NEW MARBLE BUILDINGS, which have just been erected at 86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for Books and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 76 will reach us, as our Post Office Box obviates any miscarriage of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive the work ordered by return of Mail—Post paid. If you wish a Catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information and pay postage on your letter. If you really wish something good, send for our catalogue it will please you certain. Address, THOMAS OREMSBY, General Purchasing Agency, 86 Nassau street, New York.

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